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A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

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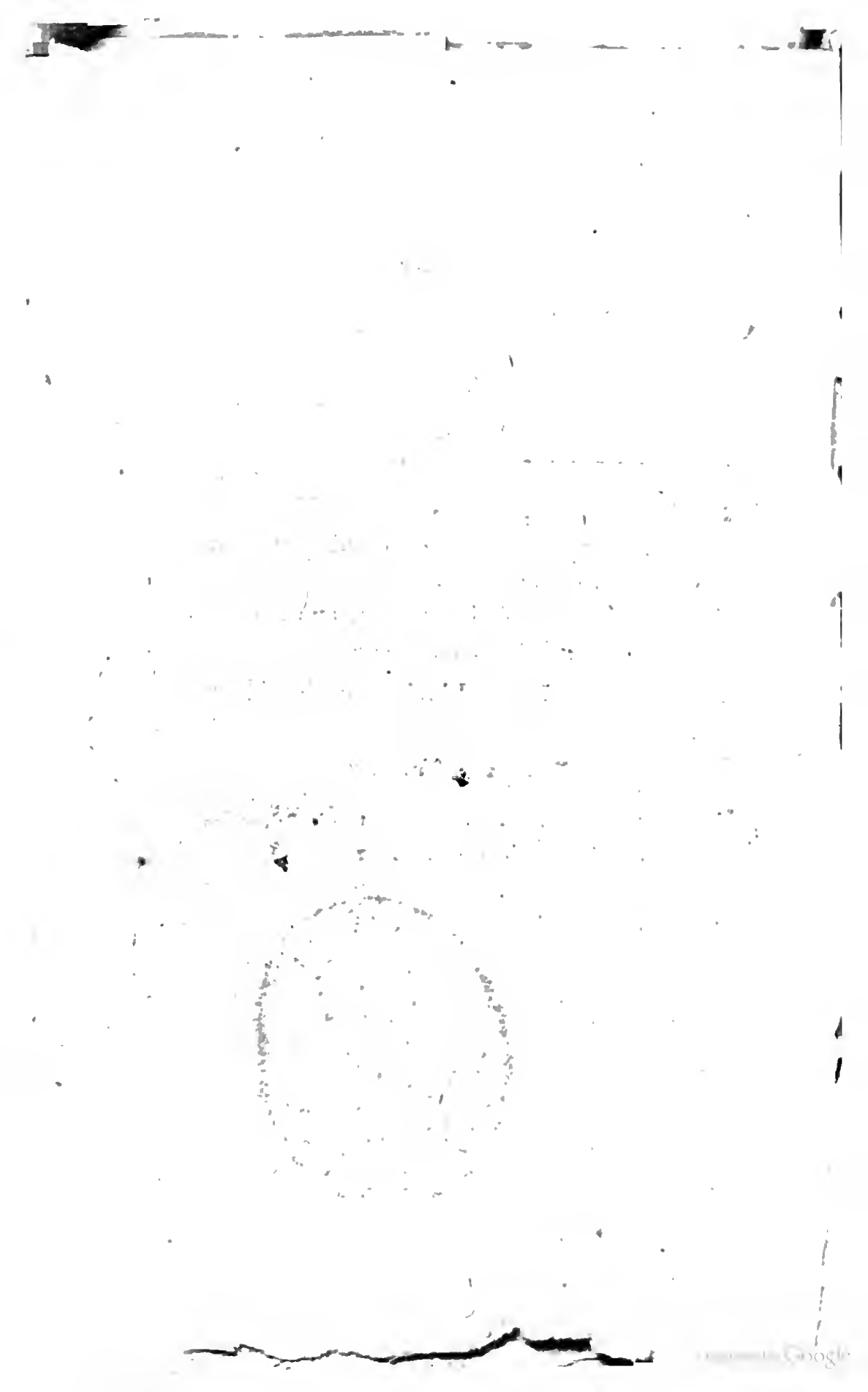

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

THE LETTERS TO ELIZA.

BY YORICK.

STEREOTYPE EDITION,
According to the *process* of FIRMIN DIDOT.

PARIS,

AT THE PRINTING OFFICE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERY
OF P. DIDOT THE ELDER, AND OF F. DIDOT.
EIGHTH YEAR. (1800.)

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

= THEY order, said I, this matter better in France =

= You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world. = Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, that one and twenty miles sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights. = I'll look into them: so giving up the argument = I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches = « the coat I have on », said I, looking at the sleeve, « will do, » = took a place in the Dover stage; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning = by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricassee'd chicken, so incontestably in France, that, had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the *droits d'aubaine* (1) = my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches = portmanteau, and all, must have gone to the king of France = even the

(1) All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are seized by virtue of this law, though the heir be upon the spot — the profit of these contingencies being farmed, there is no redress.

little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck. = Ungenerous! = to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckoned to their coast = by heaven! SIRE, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renowned for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with =

But I have scarce set foot in your dominions. =

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finished my dinner, and drank the king of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper = I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

= No = said I = the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be misled like other people; but there is a mildness in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek = more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at least of two *livres* a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

= Just God! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and holding it airily and uncompressed, looks round him as if he sought for an object to share it with. = In doing this, I felt every

vessel in my frame dilate = the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which sustained life performed it with so little friction, that it would have confounded the most *physical précieuse* in France: with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine=

I am confident, said I to myself, I should have overset her creed.

The accession of that idea carried nature, at that time, as high as she could go=I was at peace with the world before, and this finished the treaty with myself=

=Now, was I a king of France, cried I=what a moment for an orphan to have begged his father's portmanteau of me!

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD scarce uttered the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room, to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies = or one man may be generous, as another man is puissant = *sed non, quoad hanc* = or be it as it may = for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves = it would oft be no discredit to us to suppose it was so: I am sure, at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied to have it said by the world, "I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame," than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

= But be this as it may. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket = buttoned it up = set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples, being all that remained of it, might be about seventy = but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty = Truth might lie between = He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted = mild, pale = penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth = it looked forwards; but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for it was neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure = but it was the attitude of entreaty; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast, (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right) = when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order = and did it with so simple a grace = and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his looks and figure = I was bewitched not to have been struck with it. =

= A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

= 'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address = 'tis very true = and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims,* he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunick = I felt the full force of the appeal = I acknowledge it, said I = a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meager diet = are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm = the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of Mercy* instead of the order of

St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate = The monk made me a bow = but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country surely have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore = The monk gave a cordial wave with his head = as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world as well as within our convent. = But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunick, in return for his appeal = we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour = and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan of life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectick of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry = nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shewed none = but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door. = Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times = but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination: I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language = I considered his grey

hair — his courteous figure seemed to re-enter and gently ask me what injury he had done me? = and why I could use him thus? = I would have given twenty *livres* for an advocate = I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

THE *DESOBLIGEANTE.*

CALAIS.

When a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaise = and nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walked out into the coach-yard, to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose: an old *désobligeante* (1) in the furthest corner of the court, hit my fancy at first sight, so I instantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable good harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call *monsieur Dessein*, the master of the *hôtel* = but *monsieur Dessein* being gone to vespers; and not caring to face the Franciscan, whom I saw on the opposite side of the court, in conference with a lady just arrived at the inn = I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us, and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *désobligeante.*

(1) A chaise so called in France, from its holding but one person.

PREFACE

IN THE DESOBLIGEANTE.

It must have been observed by many a peripatetick philosopher, that nature has set up by her own unquestionable authority certain boundaries and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man: she has effected her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner, by laying him under almost insuperable obligations to work out his ease, and to sustain his sufferings at home. It is there only that she has provided him with the most suitable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that burden, which, in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true, we are endued with an imperfect power of spreading our happiness sometimes beyond *her* limits; but 'tis so ordered, that from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and from the difference in education, customs and habits, we lie under so many impediments in communicating our sensations out of our own sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of sentimental commerce is always against the expatriated adventurer: he must buy what he has little occasion for, at their own price — his conversation will seldom be taken in exchange for theirs, without a large discount — and this, by the bye, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers for such conversation as he can find, it requires no great spirit of divination to guess at his party —

This brings me to my point; and naturally leads me (if the see-saw of this *désobligeante* will but let me

get on) into the efficient as well as the final causes of travelling =

Your idle people, that leave their native country, and go abroad, for some reason or reasons, which may be derived from one of these general causes =

Infirmity of body,
Imbecility of mind, or
Inevitable necessity.

The first two include all those who travel by land or by water, labouring with pride, curiosity, vanity or spleen, subdivided and combined *in infinitum*.

The third class includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more especially those travellers who set out upon their travels with the benefit of the clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction of governors, recommended by the magistrate, or young gentlemen transported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glasgow.

There is a fourth class, but their number is so small that they would not deserve a distinction, was it not necessary in a work of this nature to observe the greatest precision and nicety, to avoid a confusion of character. And these men I speak of, are such as cross the seas, and sojourn in a land of strangers, with a view of saving money for various reasons, and upon various pretences: but as they might also save themselves and others a great deal of unnecessary trouble, by saving their money at home = and as their reasons for travelling are the least complex of any other species of emigrants, I shall distinguish these gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following *Heads:*

Idle Travellers,
Inquisitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetick Travellers.

Then follow the Travellers of necessity,

The delinquent and felónious Traveller,
The unfortunate and innocent Traveller,
The simple Traveller,

And last of all (if you please)

The Sentimental Traveller

(meaning thereby myself) who have travelled, and of which I am now sitting down to give an account = as much out of *necessity* and the *besoin de voyager,* as any one in the class.

I am well aware, at the same time, as both my travels and observations will be altogether of a different cast from any of my fore-runners, that I might have insisted upon a whole niche entirely to myself; = but I should break in upon the confines of the *vain* traveller, in wishing to draw attention towards me, till I have some better grounds for it, than the mere *novelty of my vehicle.*

It is sufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himself, that with study and reflexion hereupon, he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue = it will be one step towards knowing himself; as it is great odds, but he retains some tincture and resemblance of what he imbibed or carried out to the present hour.

The man who first transplanted the grape of Burgundy to the cape of Good Hope (observe he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the same

wine at the cape, that the same grape produced upon the French mountains = he was too phlegmatick for that = but undoubtedly he expected to drink some sort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent = he knew enough of this world, to know that it did not depend upon his choice, but that what is generally called *chance* was to decide his success: however, he hoped for the best; and in these hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his discretion, *Mynheer* might possibly overset both in his new vineyard: and by discovering his nakedness, become a laughing-stock to his people.

Even so it fares with the poor traveller, sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in pursuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by sailing and posting for that purpose; but whether useful knowledge and real improvements, is all a lottery = and even where the adventurer is successful, the acquired stock must be used with caution and sobriety to turn to any profit = but as the chances run prodigiously the other way, both as to the acquisition and application, I am of opinion, that a man would act as wisely, if he could prevail upon himself to live contented without foreign knowledge or foreign improvements, especially if he lives in a country that has no absolute want of either = and, indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time cost me, when I have observed how many a foul step the inquisitive traveller has measured, to see sights, and look into discoveries; all which, as Sancho Pança said to Don Quixote, they might have seen dry-shod, at home. It is an age so full of light, that there is scarce a country or corner of Europe, whose beams are not crossed and interchanged with others

= Knowledge, in most of its branches and in most affairs, is like musick in an italian street, whereof those may partake who pay nothing = But there is no nation under heaven = and God is my record, (before whose tribunal I must one day come and give an account of this work) = that I do not speak it vauntingly = But there is no nation under heaven, abounding with more variety of learning = where the sciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more surely won than here = where art is encouraged, and will so soon rise high = where Nature (take her altogether) has so little to answer for = and, to close all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with = Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going =

= We are only looking at this chaise, said they = Your most obedient servant, said I, skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat = We were wondering, said one of them, who, I found, was an *inquisitive traveller* = what could occasion its motion. = 'Twas the agitation, said I coolly, of writing a preface = I never heard, said the other, who was a *simple traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *désobligeante*. = It would have been better, said I, in a *vis-à-vis*.

As an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen, I retired to my room.

CALAIS.

I PERCEIVED that something darkened the passage more than myself, as I stepped along it to my room; it was effectually *Mons. Dessein*, the master of the *hôtel*, who had just returned from vespers, and, with his hat under his arm, was most complaisantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the

désobligeante; and *Mons. Dessein* speaking of it, with a shrug, as if it would no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy, that it belonged to some *innocent traveller* who, on his return home, had left it to *Mons. Dessein's* honour, to make the most of. Four months had elapsed since it had finished its career of Europe in the corner of *Mons. Dessein*'s coach-yard; and having sallied out from thence but a vampt-up business at the first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on mount Cenis, it had not profited much by its adventures = but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of *Mons. Dessein's* coach-yard. Much indeed was not to be said for it = but something might = and when a few words will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.

= Now, was I the master of this *hôtel*, said I, laying the point of my fore-finger on *Mons. Dessein's* breast, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *désobligeante* = it stands swinging reproaches at you every time you pass by it. =

Mon Dieu! said *Mons. Dessein* = I have no interest = Except the interest, said I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, *Mons. Dessein*, in their own sensations. = I'm persuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himself, every rainy night, disguise it as you will, must cast a damp upon your spirits = You suffer, *Mons. Dessein*, as much as the machine =

I have always observed, when there is as much *sour* as *sweet* in a compliment, that an Englishman is eternally at a loss within himself, whether to take it, or let it alone; a Frenchman never is; *Mons. Dessein* made me a bow.

C'est bien vrai, said he = But in this case I should only exchange one disquietude for another, and with loss: figure to yourself, my dear Sir, that in giving you a chaise which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris = figure to yourself how much I should suffer, in giving an ill impression of myself to a man of honour, and lying at the mercy, as I must do, *d'un homme d'esprit*.

The dose was made up exactly after my own prescription; so I could not help taking it = and returning *Mons. Dessein* his bow, without more casuistry we walked together towards his *remise*, to take a view of his magazine of chaises.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

It must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a sorry post-chaise) cannot go forth with the seller thereof into the street to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he instantly falls into the same frame of mind, and views his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde-park corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor sword's-man, and no way a match for *Mons. Dessein*, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me, to which the situation is incident = I looked at *Mons. Dessein* through and through = eyed him as he walked along in profile = then, *en face* = thought he looked like a Jew = then a Turk = disliked his wig = cursed him by my gods = wished him at the devil —

= And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four *louis d'or*,

which is the most I can be over-reached in? = Base passion! said I, turning myself about, as a man naturally does upon a sudden reverse of sentiment = base, ungentle passion! thy hand is against every man, and every man's hand against thee = Heaven forbid! said she, raising her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had seen in conference with the monk = she had followed us unperceived = Heaven forbid, indeed! said I, offering her my own = she had a black pair of silk gloves open only at the thumb and two fore-fingers, so accepted it without reserve = and I led her up to the door of the *remise*.

Mons. Dessein had *diabled* the key above fifty times before he found out he had come with a wrong one in his hand: we were as impatient as himself to have it opened; and so attentive to the obstacle, that I continued holding her hand almost without knowing it; so that *Mons. Dessein* left us together with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the *remise*, and said he would be back in five minutes.

Now a colloquy of five minutes, in such a situation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the street: in the latter case, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without = when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank = you draw purely from yourselves. A silence of a single moment upon *Mons. Dessein*'s leaving us, had been fatal to the situation = she had infallibly turned about = so I begun the conversation instantly. =

= But what were the temptations, (as I write not to apologize for the weaknesses of my heart in this tour, = but to give an account of them) = shall be described with the same simplicity, with which I felt them.

THE *REMISE* DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *désobligeante*, because I saw the monk in close conference with a lady just arrived at the inn = I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much restrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suspicion crossed my brain, and said, he was telling her what had passed; something jarred upon it within me = I wished him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the understanding, it saves the judgment a world of pains = I was certain she was of a better order of beings = however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impression returned, upon my encounter with her in the street; a guarded frankness with which she gave me her hand, shewed, I thought, her good education and her good sense; and as I led her on, I felt a pleasurable ductility about her, which spread a calmness over all my spirits =

= Good God! how a man might lead such a creature as this round the world with him!

I had not yet seen her face = 'twas not material; for the drawing was instantly set about, and long before we had got to the door of the *remise*, *Fancy* had finished the whole head, and pleased herself as much with its fitting her goddess, as if she had dived into the TIBER for it = but thou art a seduced and a seducing slut; and albeit thou cheatest us seven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with so many charms dost thou do it, and thou deck-

est out thy pictures in the shapes of so many angels of light, 'tis a shame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the *remise*, she withdrew her hand from across her forehead, and let me see the original = it was a face of about six and twenty = of a clear transparent brown, simply set off without *rouge* or powder = it was not critically handsome, but there was that in it, which, in the frame of mind I was in, attached me much more to it = it was interesting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widowed look, and in that state of its declension, which had passed the two first paroxisms of sorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itself to its loss = but a thousand other distresses might have traced the same lines; I wished to know what they had been = and was ready to enquire, (had the same *bon ton* of conversation permitted, as in the days of Esdras) = « *What aileth thee? and why art thou disquieted? and why is thy understanding troubled?* » = In a word, I felt benevolence for her; and resolved some way or other to throw in my mite of courtesy = if not of service.

Such were my temptations = and in this disposition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady, with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned closer to the door of the *remise* than what was absolutely necessary.

THE *REMISE* DOOR.

CALAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady! said I, raising her hand up a little lightly as I began, must be one of Fortune's whimsical doings; to take two utter strangers by their hands = of different sexes, and, perhaps,

from different corners of the globe, and, in one moment, place them together in such a cordial situation, as friendship herself could scarce have atchieved for them, had she projected it for a month. =

= And your reflection upon it, shews how much, *monsieur*, she has embarrassed you by the adventure.

When the situation is what we would wish, nothing is so ill-timed as to hint at the circumstances which make it so; you thank Fortune, continued she = you had reason = the heart knew it, and was satisfied; and who, but an English philosopher, would have sent notice of it to the brain, to reverse the judgment?

In saying this, she disengaged her hand, with a look which I thought a sufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miserable picture which I am going to give of the weakness of my heart, by owning that it suffered a pain, which worthier occasions could not have inflicted. = I was mortified with the loss of her hand, and the manner in which I had lost it carried neither oil nor wine to the wound; I never felt the pain of a sheepish inferiority so miserably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are short upon these discomfitures. In a very few seconds she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish her reply; so some way or other, God knows how, I regained my situation.

= She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different conversation for the lady, thinking from the spirit as well as moral of this, that I had been mistaken in her character; but upon turning her face towards me, the spirit which had animated the reply was fled = the muscles relaxed, and I beheld the same unprotected

look of distress which first won me to her interest — melancholy! to see such sprightliness the prey of sorrow.= I pitied her from my soul; and though it may seem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart, = I could have taken her into my arms, and cherished her, though it was in the open street, without blushing.

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing across hers, told her what was passing within me: she looked down = a silence of some moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own = not as if she was going to withdraw hers = but as if she thought abont it = and I had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct more than reason directed me to the last resonrce in these dangers = to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it of myself; so she let it continue, till *Mons. Dessein* returned with the key; and in the mean time I set myself to consider how I should nndo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

The good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him crossed my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no.=He stopped, however, as soon as he came up to us with a world of frankness; and having a horn snuff-

box in his hand, he presented it open to me = You shall taste mine, said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand = 'Tis most excellent, said the monk: then do me the favour, I replied, to accept of the box and all, and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor man blushed as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together = you never used me unkindly. = I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blushed in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel to analyse = Excuse me, Madam, replied I = I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocations = 'Tis impossible, said the lady. = My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him = the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal = The lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his could give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. = We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when in such a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubbed his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunick; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction = he made a low bow, and said, 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest = but be it as it would = he begged we might exchange boxes = In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed

it = with a stream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom = and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better: in truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up, by it, the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the justlings of the world. They had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent, as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, upon enquiring after father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off. I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him = when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears = but I am as weak as a woman: and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

THE *REMISE* DOOR.

CALAIS.

I had never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it so long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without first pressing it

to my lips : the blood and spirits, which had suffered a revulsion from her, crowded back to her, as I did it.

Now the two travellers who had spoke to me in the coach-yard, happening at that crisis to be passing by, and observing our communications, naturally took it into their heads, that we must be *man and wife* at least; so, stopping as soon as they came up to the door of the *remise*, the one of them, who was the *inquisitive traveller* asked us, if we set out for Paris the next morning. = I could only answer for myself, I said ; and the lady added, she was for Amiens. We dined there yesterday, said the *simple traveller* = You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris. I was going to return a thousand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris* ; but, upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn box to take a pinch of snuff = I made them a quiet bow and wishing them a good passage to Dover = they left us alone =

= Now where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise? = and what mighty mischief could ensue?

Every dirty passion, and bad propensity in my nature, took the alarm, as I stated the proposition = It will oblige you to have a third horse, said Avarice, which will put twenty livres out of your pocket. = You know not who she is, said Caution = or what scrapes the affair may draw you into, whispered Cowardice =

Depend upon it, Yorick! said Discretion, 'twill be said you went off with a mistress, and came by assignation to Calais for that purpose =

= You can never after, cried Hypocrisy aloud,

shew your face in the world = or rise, quoth MEANNESS, in the church = or be any thing in it, said PRIDE, but a lousy prebendary.

= But 'tis a civil thing, said I = and as I generally act from the first impulse, and therefore seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no purpose, that I know of, but to encompass the heart with adamant = I turned instantly about to the lady =

= But she had glided off unperceived, as the cause was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen paces down the street, by the time I had made the determination; so I set off after her with a long stride, to make her the proposal with the best address I was master of; but observing she walked with her cheek half resting upon the palm of her hand = with the slow, short-measured step of thoughtfulness, and with her eyes, as she went step by step, fixed upon the ground, it struck me, she was trying the same cause herself. = God help her! said I, she has some mother-in-law, or tartuffish aunt, or nonsensical old woman, to consult upon the occasion, as well as myself: so not caring to interrupt the *procès*, and deeming it more gallant to take her at discretion than by surprize, I faced about, and took a short turn or two before the door of the *remise*, whilst she walked musing on one side.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on first sight of the lady, settled the affair in my fancy, « that she was of the better order of beings » = and then laid it down as a second axiom, as indisputable as the first, that she was a widow, and wore a character of distress = I went no further; I

got ground enough for the situation which pleased me = and had she remained close beside my elbow till midnight, I should have held true to my system, and considered her only under that general idea.

She had scarce got twenty paces distant from me, ere something within me called out for a more particular enquiry = it brought on the idea of a further separation = I might possibly never see her more = the heart is for saving what it can; and I wanted the traces thro' which my wishes might find their way to her, in case I should never rejoin her myself. In a word, I wished to know her name = her family's = her condition; and, as I knew the place to which she was going, I wanted to know from whence she came: but there was no coming at all this intelligence; a hundred little delicacies stood in the way. I formed a score different plans = There was no such thing as a man's asking her directly = the thing was impossible.

A little French debonair Captain, who came dancing down the street, shewed me, it was the easiest thing in the world; for popping in betwixt us, just as the lady was returning back to the door of the *remise*, he introduced himself to my acquaintance, and before he had well got announced, begged I would do him the honour to present him to the lady = I had not been presented myself = so turning about to her, he did it just as well by asking her, if she had come from Paris? No: she was going that rout, she said. = *Vous n'êtes pas de Londres?* = she was not, she replied. = Then *madame* must have come thro' Flanders. = *Apparemment vous êtes Flamande?* said the French captain. = The lady answered, she was. = *Peut-être de Lille?* added he = She said, she was not of Lisle. = Nor Arras?

= nor Cambray? = nor Ghent? = nor Brussels? She answered, she was of Brussels.

He had had the honour, he said, to be at the bombardment of it last war = that it was finely situated *pour cela* = and full of *noblesse* when the Imperialists were driven out by the French (the lady made a slight curtsy) = so giving her an account of the affair, and of the share he had had in it = he begged the honour to know her name = so made his bow.

—*Et madame a son mari?* = said he, looking back, when he had made two steps = and without staying for an answer = danced down the street.

Had I served seven years apprenticeship to good breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE *REMISE*.

CALAIS.

As the little French captain left us, *Mons. Dessein* came up with the key of the *remise* in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaises.

The first object which caught my eye, as *Mons. Dessein* opened the door of the *remise*, was another old tattered *désobligeante*: and notwithstanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy so much in the coach-yard but an hour before = the very sight of it stirred up a disagreeable sensation within me now; and I thought 'twas a churlish beast into whose heart the idea could first enter, to construct such a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of using it.

I observed the lady was as little taken with it as

myself: so *Mons. Dessein* led us on to a couple of chaises which stood abreast; telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchased by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no further than Paris, so were in all respects as good as new = They were too good = so I passed to a third, which stood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price = But 'twill scarce hold two, said I, opening the door and getting in = Have the goodness, madam, said *Mons. Dessein*, offering his arm, to step in = The lady hesitated half a second, and stepped in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to speak to *Mons. Dessein*, he shut the door of the chaise upon us, and left us.

THE *REMISE.*

CALAIS.

C'EST *bien comique*, 'tis very droll, said the lady smiling, from the reflection that this was the second time we had been left together by a parcel of nonsensical contingencies = *c'est bien comique*, said she =.

= There wants nothing, said I, to make it so, but the comick use which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to = to make love the first moment, and an offer of his person the second.

'Tis their *fort*, replied the lady.

It is supposed so at least = and how it has come to pass, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of understanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation upon earth: but for my own part, I think them errant bunglers, and in truth the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

= To think of making love by *sentiments*!

I should as soon think of making a genteel suit of clothes out of remnants: = and to do it = pop = at first sight by declaration = is submitting the offer, and themselves with it, to be sifted, with all their pours and contres, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended as if she expected I should go on.

Consider then, madam, continued I, laying my hand upon hers =

That grave people hate Love for the name's sake =

That selfish people hate it for their own =

Hypocrites for heaven's =

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worse frightened than hurt by the very report = What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips, till an hour or two at least after the time, that his silence upon it becomes tormenting. A course of small quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm = nor so vague as to be misunderstood, with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it = leaves Nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind. =

Then I solemnly declare, said the lady, blushing = you have been making love to me all this while.

THE *REMISE*.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR *Dessein* came back to let us out of the chaise, and acquaint the lady, the count *de L—*, her brother, was just arrived at the *hôtel*. Though I had infinite good-will for the lady, I cannot say, that I rejoiced in my heart at the event = and could

not help telling her so = for it is fatal to a proposal, madam, said I, that I was going to make to you =

= You need not tell me what the proposal was, said she, laying her hand upon both mine, as she interrupted me. = A man, my good Sir, has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, but she has a presentiment of it some moments before =

Nature arms her with it, said I, for immediate preservation. = But I think, said she, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend = and, to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it. = If I had = (she stopped a moment) = I believe your goodwill would have drawn a story from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In saying this, she suffered me to kiss her hand twice, and with a look of sensibility, mixed with a concern, she got out of the chaise = and bid *adieu*.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finished a twelve-guinea bargain so expeditiously in my life : my time seemed heavy upon the loss of the lady, and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myself into motion = I ordered post-horses directly, and walked towards the *hôtel*.

Lord ! said I, hearing the town-clock strike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a single hour in Calais =

= What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually

holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can fairly lay his hands on. =

=If this won't turn out something=another will =no matter= 'tis an essay upon human nature= I get my labour for my pains = 'tis enough = the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses and the best part of my blood awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beer-sheba*, and cry, 'tis all barren=and so it is; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in a desart, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections = If I could do no better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to=I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection=I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desart: if their leaves withered I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Boulogne to Paris=from Paris to Rome=and so on=but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by, was discoloured or distorted=He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon=he was just coming out of it='*Tis nothing but a huge cock-pit*, (1) said he = I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis, replied I= for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and had

(1) Vide S---'s Travels.

3.

used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.

I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures had he to tell, « wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the Cannibals which each other eat: the Antropophagi » = he had been flayed alive, and bedeviled and used worse than St. Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at =

= I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world. You had better tell it, said I, to your physician.

Mundungus, with an immense fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples, from Naples to Venice = from Venice to Vienna = to Dresden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleasurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled straight on, looking neither to his right hand or his left, lest Love or Pity should seduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven itself, was it possible to get there with such tempers, would want objects to give it = every gentle spirit would come flying upon the wings of Love to hail their arrival = Nothing would the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but fresh anthems of joy, fresh raptures of love, and fresh congratulations of their common felicity = I heartily pity them: they have brought up no faculties for this work; and was the happiest mansion in heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be so far from being happy, that the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTREUIL.

I had once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the

times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting = Nor was it till I got to Montreuil, upon the landlord's asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me that that was the very thing.

A servant! that I do most sadly, quoth I = Because, *monsieur,* said the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman = But why an English one, more than any other? = They are so generous, said the landlord = I'll be shot if this not is a *livre* out of my pocket, quoth I to myself, this very night = But they have wherewithal to be so, *monsieur,* added he = Set down one *livre* more for that, quoth I = It was but last night, said the landlord, *qu'un mylord Anglois présentoit un écu à la fille de chambre = Tant pis pour Mademoiselle Jeanneton,* said I.

Now *Jeanneton* being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord supposing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I should not have said *tant pis* = but, *tant mieux. Tant mieux, toujours, monsieur,* said he, when there is any thing to be got = *tant pis,* when there is nothing. It comes to the same thing, said I. *Pardonnez-moi,* said the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to observe, once for all, that *tant pis,* and *tant mieux* being two of the great hinges in French conversation, a stranger would do well to set himself right in the use of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French *marquis,* at our ambassador's table, demanded of Mr. H—, if he was H— the poet? No, said H— mildly = *Tant pis,* replied the *marquis.*

It is H— the historian, said another = *Tant mieux,* said the *marquis.* And Mr. H—, who is a man of an excellent heart, returned thanks for both.

When the landlord had set me right in this matter, he called in *La Fleur*, which was the name of the young man he had spoke of = saying only first, that as for his talents, he would presume to say nothing = *Monsieur* was the best judge what would suit him; but for the fidelity of *La Fleur*, he would stand responsible in all he was worth.

The landlord delivered this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon = and *La Fleur*, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTREUIL.

I am apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight; but never more so, than when a poor devil comes to offer his service to so poor a devil as myself; and as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account = and this more or less, according to the mood I am in, and the case = and I may add the gender too, of the person I am to govern.

When *La Fleur* entered the room, after every discount I could make for my soul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; so I hired him first = and then began to inquire what he could do: but I shall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them = besides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now poor *La Fleur* could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do; and can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as

most Frenchmen do, with *serving* for a few years; at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found moreover, that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it opened no further track of glory to him=he retired *à ses terres*, and lived *comme il plaisoit à Dieu* = that is to say, upon nothing.

=And so, quoth *Wisdom*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours thro' France and Italy! Psha! said I, and do not one half of our gentry go with a hum-drum *compagnon de voyage* the same round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay besides? When a man can extricate himself with an *équivoque* in such an unequal match=he is not ill off=But you can do something else, *La Fleur*? said I=*O qu'oui*!=he could make spatterdashes, and play a little upon the fiddle=Bravo! said Wisdom=Why, I play a bass myself, said I= we shall do very well=You can shave, and dress a wig a little, *La Fleur*?=He had all the dispositions in the world=It is enough for heaven! said I, interrupting him=and ought to be enough for me= So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other = I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as satisfied as I was.

MONTREUIL.

As *La Fleur* went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, I must interest the reader a little further in his behalf, by saying, that I had never less reason to repent of

the impulses which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow = he was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, though very good in themselves, happened to be of no great service to me, yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper = it supplied all defects = I had a constant resource in his looks, in all difficulties and distresses of my own = I was going to have added, of his too; but *La Fleur* was out of the reach of every thing; for whether 'twas hunger, or thirst, or cold, or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill luck *La Fleur* met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by = he was eternally the same; so that if I am a piece of a philosopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am = it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philosophy of this poor fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, *La Fleur* had a small cast of the coxcomb = but he seemed at first sight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him = he seemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTREUIL.

The next morning *La Fleur* entering upon his employment, I delivered to him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half a dozen shirts and silk pair of breeches; and bid him fasten all upon the chaise = get the horses put to = and desired the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'est un garçon de bonne fortune, said the

landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about *La Fleur*, and were most kindly taking their leave of him, as the postillion was leading out the horses. *La Fleur* kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow, said the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is scarce a corner in Montreuil where the want of him will not be felt: he has but one misfortune in the world, continued he, « He is always in love. » = I am heartily glad of it, said I = 'twill save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head. In saying this, I was making not so much *La Fleur*'s eloge, as my own, having been in love with one princess or another almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so, till I die, being firmly persuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval between one passion and another: whilst this *interregnum* lasts, I always perceive my heart locked up = I can scarce find in it to give Misery a sixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as fast as I can, and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generosity and good will again; and would do any thing in the world, either for, or with any one, if they will but satisfy me, there is no sin in it.

= But in saying this = surely I am commending the passion = not *myself*.

A FRAGMENT.

= The town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vilest and most profligate town in all Thrace. What for poisons, conspi-

racies and assassinations = libels, pasquinades and tumults, there was no going there by day = 'twas worse by night.

Now, when things were at the worst, it came to pass, that the Andromeda of Euripides being represented at Abdera, the whole orchestra was delighted with it: but of all the passages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender strokes of nature which the poet had wrought up in that pathetick speech of Perseus:

O Cupid! prince of Gods and men, etc.

Every man almost spoke pure iambicks the next day, and talked of nothing but Perseus's pathetick address = « O Cupid! prince of Gods and men » = in every street of Abdera, in every house = « O Cupid! Cupid! » = In every mouth, like the natural notes of some sweet melody which drops from it, whether it will or no = nothing but « Cupid! Cupid! prince of Gods and men » = The fire caught = and the whole city, like the heart of one man, opened itself to Love.

No pharmacopolist could sell one grain of hellebore = not a single armourer had a heart to forge one instrument of death = Friendship and Virtue met together, and kissed each other in the street = the golden age returned, and hung o'er the town of Abdera = every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitish woman left her purple web, and chastely sat her down and listened to the song =

'Twas only in the power, says the Fragment, of the God whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea, to have done this.

MONTREUIL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little soured by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise; and that is with the sons and daughters of poverty who surround you. Let no man say, «let them go to the devil»='tis a cruel journey to send a few miserables, and they have had sufferings enough without it: I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise: he need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them = they will be registered elsewhere.

For my own part, there is no man gives so little as I do; for few that I know have so little to give: but as this was the first publick act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way! said I, I have but eight sous in the world, shewing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for them.

A poor tattered soul, without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle, and making a disqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole *parterre* cried out, *Place aux Dames*, with one voice, it would not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

=I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish brisk fellow, who stood over-against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on both sides of him : it was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined — The poor little fellow pressed it upon them with a nod of welcomeness — *Prenez en — prenez*, said he, looking another way; so they each took a pinch — Pity thy box should ever want one ! said I to myself ; so I put a couple of sous into it — taking a small pinch out of his box, to enhance their value, as I did it — He felt the weight of the second obligation more than that of the first — 'twas doing him an honour — the other was only doing him a charity — and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

— Here! said I to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaigned and worn out to death in the service — here's a couple of sous for thee — *Vive le Roi!* said the old soldier.

— I had then but three sous left : so I gave one, simply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begged — The poor woman had a dislocated hip ; so it could not be well, upon any other motive.

Mon cher et très charitable monsieur — There's no opposing this, said I.

Mylord Anglois — the very sound was worth the money — so I gave *my last sous for it.* But in the eagerness of giving, I had over-looked a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believed, would have perished ere he could have asked one for himself : he stood by the chaise a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days — Good God! said I — and I have not one single sous left to

give him=But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of nature, stirring within me=so I gave him =no matter what=I am ashamed to say *how much*, now=and was ashamed to think *how little*, then=so if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a *livre* or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous bénisse=Et le bon Dieu vous bénisse encore=* said the old soldier, the dwarf, etc. The *pauvre honteux* could say nothing=he pulled out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away =and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

THE *BIDET.*

HAVING settled all these little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and *La Fleur* having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little *bidet*, (1) and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs)=he cantered away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.=

—But what is happiness! what is grandeur in this painted scene of life? A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to *La Fleur's* career= his *bidet* would not pass by it=a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kicked out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French Christian, saying neither more or less upon it, than, *Diable!* so presently got up, and came to the charge again astride his *bidet*, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

(1) Post-horse.

The *bidet* flew from one side of the road to the other, then back again = then this way = then that way, and in short every way but by the dead ass. = *La Fleur* insisted upon the thing = and the *bidet* threw him.

What's the matter, *La Fleur*, said I, with this *bidet* of thine? = *Monsieur*, said he, *c'est un cheval le plus opiniâtre du monde* = Nay, if he is a conceited beast, he must go his own way, replied I = so *La Fleur* got off him, and giving him a good sound lash, the *bidet* took me at my word, and away he scampered back to Montreuil. = *Peste*! said *La Fleur*.

It is not *mal à propos* to take notice here, that tho' *La Fleur* availed himself but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter = namely, *Diable* ! and *Peste* ! that there are nevertheless three, in the French language, like the positive, comparative, and superlative, one or the other of which serve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diable ! which is the first and positive degree, is generally used upon ordinary emotions of the mind, where small things only fall out contrary to your expectations = such as = the throwing once doublets = *La Fleur*'s being kicked off his horse, and so forth = cuckoldom, for the same reason, is always = *Le Diable* !

But in cases where the cast has something provoking in it, as in that of the *bidet*'s running away after, and leaving *La Fleur* aground in jack-boots = 'tis the second degree.

'Tis then *Peste* !

And for the third =

But here my heart is wrung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miseries must have been their lot, and how bitterly so refined a people must have smarted, to have forced them upon the use of it. =

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in distress! = whatever is my *cast*, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

= But as these were not to be had in France, I resolved to take every evil just as it befell me, without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no such covenant with himself, followed the *bidet* with his eyes, till it was got out of sight = and then, you may imagine, if you please, with what word he closed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frightened horse in jack-boots, there remained no alternative, but taking *La Fleur* either behind the chaise, or into it. =

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour we got to the post-house at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

= And this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet = and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. = I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned *La Fleur's* misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his: but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time = then laid them down = looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if

to eat it; held it sometime in his hand = then laid it upon the bit of his ass's briddle = looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made = and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and *La Fleur* amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

= He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go, in gratitude, to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay nature her tribute = and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey = that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern = *La Fleur* offered him money. = The mourner said, he did not want it = it was not the value of the ass = but the loss of him. = The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him = and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had

separated them from each other three days; during which time, the ass had sought him as much as he had songht the ass, and that they had neither scarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.=Alas! said the mourner, I thought so, when he was alive=but now that he is dead, I think otherwise.=I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him=they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.=Shame on the world! said I to myself=Did we love each other, as this poor soul but loved his ass='twould be something.=

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

The concern which the poor fellow's story threw me into, required some attention: the postillion paid not the least to it, but set off upon the *pavé*, in a full gallop.

The thirstiest soul in the most sandy desart of Arabia could not have wished more for a cup of cold water, than mine did for grave and quiet movements; and I should have had an high opinion of the postillion, had he but stolen off with me in something like a pensive pace.=On the contrary, as the mourner finished his lamentation, the fellow gave an unfeeling lash to each of his beasts, and set off clattering like a thousand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for heaven's sake to go slower=and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he galloped.=The deuce take him and

his galloping too=said I=he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces, till he has worked me into a foolish passion, and then he'll go slow, that I may enjoy the sweets of it.

The postillion managed the point to a miracle: by the time he had got to the foot of a steep hill about half a league from Nampont,=he had put me out of temper with him=and then with myself, for being so.

My case then required a different treatment; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real service to me=

=Then, prithee, get on=get on, my good lad, said I.

The postillion pointed to the hill=I then tried to return back to the story of the poor German and his ass=but I had broke the clue=and could no more get into it again, than the postillion could into a trot.=

=The deuce go, said I, with it all! Here am I sitting as candidly disposed to make the best of the worst, as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one sweet lenitive at least for evils, which Nature holds out to us; so I took it kindly at her hands; and fell a sleep; and the first word which roused me was *Amiens*.

=Bless me! said I, rubbing my eyes=this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS.

The words were scarce out of my mouth, when the count *de L—*'s post-chaise with his sister in it, drove hastily by: she had just time to make me a bow of recognition=and of that particular kind of it, which told me she had not yet done with me. She was as

good as her look; for before I had quite finished my supper, her brother's servant came into the room with a billet, in which, she said, she had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to present myself to *madame* R— the first morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, she was sorry, but from what *penchant* she had not considered, that she had been prevented telling me her story = that she still owed it me; and if my rout should ever lay through Brussels, and I had not by then forgot the name of *madame de L*— = that *madame de L*— would be glad to discharge her obligation.

Then I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit! at Brussels = 'tis only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the rout of Flanders, home = 'twill scarce be ten posts out of my way; but were it then thousand! with what a moral delight will it crown my journey, in sharing in the sickening incidents of a tale of misery told to me by such a sufferer! to see her weep! and though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquisite sensation is there still left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the first and fairest of women, as I'm sitting with my handkerchief in my hand in silence the whole night beside her?

There was nothing wrong in the sentiment; and yet I instantly reproached my heart with it in the bitterest and most reprobate of expressions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the singular blessings of my life, to be almost every hour of it miserably in love with some one; and my last flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before = swearing as I did it, that it

should last me through the whole journey = Why should I dissemble the matter? I had sworn to her eternal fidelity = she had a right to my whole heart = to divide my affections was to lessen them = to expose them, was to risk them: where there is risk, there may be loss: = and what wilt thou have, Yorick! to answer to a heart so full of trust and confidence = so good, so gentle and unreproaching?

= I will not go to Brussels, replied I, interrupting myself = but my imagination went on = I recalled her looks at that crisis of our separation, when neither of us had power to say *adieu*! I looked at the picture she had tied in a black ribband about my neck = and blushed as I looked at it = I would have given the world to have kissed it, = but was ashamed = And shall this tender flower, said I, pressing it between my hands = shall it be smitten to its very root = and smitten, Yorick! by thee, who hast promised to shelter it in thy breast?

Eternal fountain of happiness! said I, kneeling down upon the ground = be thou my witness = and every pure spirit which tastes it, be thou my witness also, that I would not travel to Brussels, unless Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven.

In transports of this kind, the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not smiled upon *La Fleur*; for he had been unsuccessful in his feats of chivalry = and not one thing had offered to signalize his zeal for my service from the time he had entered into it,

which was almost four and twenty hours. The poor soul burned with impatience; and the count *de L—'s* servant's coming with the letter being the first practicable occasion which offered, *La Fleur* had laid hold of it; and in order to do honour to his master, had taken him into a back parlour in the *auberge,* and treated him with a cup or two of the best wine in Picardy; and the count *de L—'s* servant in return, and not to be behind-hand in politeness with *La Fleur*, had taken him back with him to the count's *hôtel. La Fleur's prevenancy* (for there was a passport in his very looks) soon set every servant in the kitchen at ease with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no sort of prudery in shewing them, *La Fleur*, in less than five minutes, had pulled out his fife, and leading off the dance himself with the first note, set the *fille de chambre*, the *maître d'hôtel*, the cook, the scullion, and all the houshold, dogs and cats, besides an old monkey, a dancing: I suppose there never was a merrier kitchen since the flood.

Madame de L—, in passing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing so much jollity below stairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to ask about it; and hearing it was the English gentleman's servant who had set the whole house merry with his pipe, she ordered him up.

As the poor fellow could not present himself empty, he had loaded himself in going up stairs with a thousand compliments to *madame de L—*, on the part of his master—added a long apocrypha of inquiries after *madame de L—'s* health—told her, that *monsieur* his master was *au désespoir* for her re-establishment from the fatigues of her journey—and, to close all, that *monsieur* had received the letter which *madame* had done him the honour—

And he has done me the honour, said *madame de L—*, interrupting *La Fleur*, to send a billet in return?

Madame de L— had said this with such a tone of reliance upon the fact, that *La Fleur* had not power to disappoint her expectations = he trembled for my honour = and possibly might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a master who could be wanting *en égards vis-à-vis d'une femme*; so that when *madame de L—* asked *La Fleur* if he had brought a letter = *O qu'oui*, said *La Fleur*: so laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right-side pocket with his left hand, he began to search for the letter with his right = then contrary-wise = *Diable!* = then sought every pocket = pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob = *Peste!* = then *La Fleur* emptied them upon the floor = pulled out a dirty cravat = a handkerchief = a comb = a whip-lash = a night-cap = then gave a peep into his hat = *Quelle étourderie!* He had left the letter upon the table in the *auberge* = he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had just finished my supper when *La Fleur* came in to give me an account of his adventure: he told the whole story simply as it was; and only added, that if *monsieur* had forgot (*par hazard*) to answer *madame*'s letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas* = and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now I was not altogether sure of my *étiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had = a devil himself could not have been angry: 'twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honour; and however he might have mistook the road = or embarrassed me in so doing = his

heart was in no fault = I was under no necessity to write = and what weighed more than all = he did not look as if he had done amiss.

= 'Tis all very well, *La Fleur*, said I = 'Twas sufficient. *La Fleur* flew out of the room like lightning, and returned with pen, ink and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them close before me, with such a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I begun and begun again; and though I had nothing to say, and that nothing might have been expressed in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way please myself.

In short I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur stept out and brought a little water in a glass to dilute my ink = then fetched sand and sealwax = It was all one: I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again = *Le Diable l'emporte*! said I half to myself = I cannot write this self-same letter; throwing the pen down despairingly as I said it.

As soon as I had cast down the pen, *La Fleur* advanced with the most respectful carriage up to the table, and making a thousand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durst say, would suit the occasion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humour = Then prithee, said I, let me see it.

La Fleur instantly pulled out a little dirty pocket-book crammed full of small letters and *billets doux* in a sad condition, and laying it upon the table, and then untying the string which held them all together, run them over one by one, till he came to

the letter in question = *La voilà!* said he, clapping his hands; so unfolding it first, he laid it before me, and retired three steps from the table whilst I read it.

THE LETTER.

MADAME,

Je suis pénétré de la douleur la plus vive, et réduit en même temps au désespoir par ce retour imprévu du caporal, qui rend notre entrevue de ce soir la chose du monde la plus impossible.

Mais vive la joie! et toute la mienne sera de penser à vous.

L'amour n'est *rien* sans sentiment.

Et le sentiment est encore *moins* sans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais se désespérer.

On dit aussi que monsieur le caporal monte la garde mercredi: alors ce sera mon tour.

Chacun a son tour.

En attendant = Vive l'amour! et vive la bagatelle!

Je suis, MADAME,

Avec tous les sentiments les plus respectueux et les plus tendres, tout à vous,

JACQUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the corporal into the count = and saying nothing about mounting guard on Wednesday = and the letter was neither right or wrong = so to gratify the poor fellow, who stood

trembling for my honour, his own, and the honour of his letter, = I took the cream gently off it, and whipping it up in my own way = I sealed it up and sent him with it to *madame de L*— = and the next morning we pursued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

WHEN a man can contest the point by dint of equipage, and carry on all floundering before him with half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks = 'tis very well in such a place as Paris = he may drive in at which end of the street he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whose whole infantry does not exceed a single man, had best quit the field, and signalize himself in the cabinet, if he can get up into it = I say *up into it* = for there is no descending perpendicular amongst them with a « *Me voici, mes enfants !* » = here I am = whatever many may think.

I own my first sensations, as soon as I was left solitary and alone in my own chamber in the *hôtel*, were far from being so flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black coat, and looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue and green, running at the ring of pleasure. = The old with broken lances, and in helmets which had lost their vizards = the young in armour bright which shone like gold, be-plumed with each gay feather of the east = all = all = tilting at it like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love. =

Alas, poor Yorick ! cried I, what art thou doing here ? On the very first onset of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom = seek = seek some winding alley, with a *tourniquet* at the end of

it, where chariot never rolled, or *flambeau* shot its rays = there thou mayest solace thy soul in converse sweet with some kind *grisette* of a barber's wife, and get into such coteries! =

= May I perish! if I do, said I, pulling out the letter which I had to present to *madame de R—.* = I'll wait upon this lady, the very first thing I do. So I called *La Fleur* to go seek me a barber directly = and come back, and brush my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

When the barber came, he absolutely refused to have any thing to do with my wig: 'twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do, but to take one ready made of his own recommendation.

= But I fear, friend! said I, this buckle won't stand. = You may immerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will stand =

What a great scale is every thing upon in this city! thought I = The utmost stretch of an English peri-wig-maker's ideas could have gone no further than to have « dipped it into a pail of water » = What difference! 'tis like time to eternity.

I confess I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally so struck with the great works of nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a comparison less than a mountain at least. All that can be said against the French sublime in this instance of it, is this = that the grandeur is *more* in the *word*; and *less* in the *thing*. No doubt the ocean fills the mind with vast ideas, but Paris being so far inland, it was not likely I should run post a hund-

red miles out of it, to try the experiment = the Parisian barber meant nothing. =

The pail of water, standing beside the great deep, makes certainly but a sorry figure in speech = but 'twill be said = it has one advantage = 'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado, in a single moment.

In honest truth, and upon a more candid revision of the matter, *The French expression professes more than it performs.*

I think I can see the precise and distinguishing marks of national characters more in these nonsensical *minutiæ*, than in the most important matters of state; where great men of all nations talk and stalk so much alike, that I would not give nine-pence to chuse amongst them.

I was so long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to *madame R*— that night: but when a man is once dressed at all points for going out, his reflexions turn to little account: so taking down the name of the *hôtel de Modene* where I lodged, I walked forth without any determination where to go = I shall consider of that, said I, as I walk along.

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight; 'tis ye who open this door and let the stranger in.

= Pray, *madame*, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the *opéra cômique* : = Most willingly, *monsieur*, said she laying aside her work = 5.

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption : till at last this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair, on the far side of the shop facing the door=

=*Très volontiers;* most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement, and so cheerful a look, that had I been laying out fifty *louis d'or* with her, I should have said = « This woman is grateful ».

You must turn, *monsieur,* said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take = you must turn first to your left hand = *mais prenez garde* = there are two turns : and be so good as to take the second = then go down a little way, and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *pont neuf*, which you must cross = and there, any one will do himself the pleasure to shew you =

She repeated her instructions three times over to me with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first; = and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out = she seemed really interested, that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest *grisette*, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy ; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, = and that I repeated

my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said = so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not = I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left = for that I had absolutely forgot. = Is it possible! said she, half laughing. = 'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth = she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

= *Attendez!* said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back-shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place. = So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

= He will be ready, *monsieur*, said she, in a moment = And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shews it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist) I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world = Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore fingers of my other to the artery =,

= Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-sical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion, as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever = How wouldst thou have laughed and moralized upon my new profession! = and thou shouldst have laughed and moralized on = Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, « there are worse occupations in this world *than feeling a woman's pulse* ». = But a *grisette*'s! thou wouldst have said = and in an open shop, Yorick! =

= So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning. = 'Twas nobody but her husband, she said = so I began a fresh score = *Monsieur* is so good, quoth she, as he passed by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse = The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said I did him too much honour = and having said that, he put on his hat, and walked out.

Good God! said I to myself, as he went out = and can this man be the husband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife

seem to be one bone and one flesh: in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there = in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people, where nothing but the monarchy is *salique*, having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women = by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes, from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant = *monsieur le mari* is little better than the stone under your feet. =

= Surely = surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone = thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings, and this improvement of our natures from it I appeal to, as my evidence.

= And how does it beat, *monsieur*? said she. = With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected = She was going to say something civil in return = but the lad came into the shop with the gloves = *A propos*, said I; I want a couple of pair myself.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

The beautiful *grisette* rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reached down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over-against her; they were all too large. The beautiful *grisette* measured them one by one across my hand — It would not alter the dimensions — She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least — She held it open — my hand slipped into it at once — It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little — no, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety — where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together could not express them — they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the infecter. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it — it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so, folding our hands within our arms, we both lolled upon the counter — it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

The beautiful *grisette* looked sometimes at the gloves, then side-ways to the window, then at the gloves — and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence — I followed her example: so I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her — and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack — she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration,

that she looked into my very heart and reins = It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did = = It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful *grisette* had not asked above a single *livre* above the price = I wished she had asked a *livre* more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about = Do you think, my dear Sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a sous too much of a stranger = and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy? = *M'en croyez-vous capable?* = Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome = so counting the money into her hand and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was no body in the box I was let into, but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honour the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse; but that I once knew one = for he is no more = and why should I not rescue one page from violation by writing his name in it, and telling the world it was captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of, at this long distance from his death = but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches and placed myself beside him.

The old officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet, it might be the book of the *opéra*, with a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and putting them into a sha- green case, returned them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world = the sense is this :

« Here's a poor stranger come into the box = he « seems as if he knew no body : and is never likely, « was he to be seven years in Paris, if every man he « comes near keeps his spectacles upon his nose = « 'tis shutting the door of conversation absolutely in « his face = and using him worse than a German ».

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud ; and if he had, I should in course have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, « I was sensible of his attention, and returned him a thousand thanks for it ».

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *short hand*, and be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it so mechanically that, when I walk the streets of London, I go translating all the way ; and have more than once stood behind in the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to *Martini*'s concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the *marchesina di F—* was coming out in a sort of a hurry = she was almost upon me before I saw her; so I gave a spring to one side to let her pass = She had done the same, and on the same side too ; so we ran our heads together : she instantly got to

the other side to get out; I was just as unfortunate as she had been, for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again = We both flew together to the other side, and then back = and so on = it was ridiculous; we both blushed intolerably; so I did, at last, the thing I should have done at first = I stood stock still, and the *marchesina* had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her so much reparation as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage = She looked back twice, and walked along it rather sideways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her = No, said I = that's a vile translation: the *marchesina* has a right to the best apology I can make her: and that opening is left for me to do it in = so I ran and begged pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intention to have made her way. She answered, she was guided by the same intention towards me = so we reciprocally thanked each other. She was at the top of the stairs; and seeing no *cicisbeo* near her, I begged to hand her to her coach = so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and the adventure = Upon my word, *madame*, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out = And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter = I wish to heaven you would make a seventh, said I = With all my heart, said she, making room = Life is too short to be long about the forms of it = so I instantly stepped in, and she carried me home with her = And what became of the concert, *St. Cecilia*, who, I suppose, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add that the connection which arose out of that translation gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life, except by one; and who that was will probably come out in this chapter; so that being pretty much unprepossessed, there must have been grounds for what struck me the moment I cast my eyes over the *parterre* = and that was, the unaccountable sport of nature, in forming such numbers of dwarfs = No doubt, she sports at certain times in almost every corner of the world: but in Paris, there is no end to her amusements = The goddess seems almost as merry as she is wise.

As I carried my idea out of the *opéra comique* with me, I measured every body I saw walking in the streets by it = Melancholy application! especially where the size was extremely little = the face extremely dark = the eyes quick = the nose long = the teeth white = the jaw prominent = to see so many miserables, by force of accidents, driven out of their own proper class into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down = every third man a pigmy! = some by ricketty heads and hump backs = others by bandy legs = a third set arrested by the hand of nature in the sixth and seventh years of their growth = a fourth, in their perfect and natural state, like dwarf apple-trees, from the first rudiments and stamina of their existence, never meant to grow higher.

A *medical traveller* might say, 'tis owing to undue bandages = a *splenetick* one, to want of air = and an *inquisitive traveller*, to fortify the system, may measure the height of their houses = the narrowness

of their streets, and in how few feet square in the sixth and seventh stories such numbers of the *Bourgeoisie* eat and sleep together; but I remember, Mr. Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body else, in speaking one evening of these matters, averred that children, like other animals, might be encreased almost to any size, provided they came right into the world; but the misery was, the citizens of Paris were so cooped up, that they had not actually room enough to get them = I do not call it getting any thing, said he = 'tis getting nothing = Nay, continued he, rising in his argument, 'tis getting worse than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty, or five and twenty years of the tenderest care, and most nutricious aliment bestowed upon it, shall not at last be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very short, there could be nothing more said upon it.

As this is not a work of reasoning, I leave the solution as I found it, and content myself with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the *Carousel* to the *Palais-royal*, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and helped him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty = Never mind, said I; some good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size or strength to get on in the world = I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; and had scarce got seated beside my old French officer, ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust some how or other into this luckless place — the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most, was a tall corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined — the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reached up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress — The German turned his head back, looked down upon him as Goliah did upon David — and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's little horn-box — And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk! so tempered to *bear and forbear*! — how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

The old French officer seeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter — I told him the story in three words; and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes,

and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the German he would cut off his long *queue* with his knife = The German looked back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury sharpened by an insult, be it to who it will, makes every man of sentiment a party : I could have leaped out of the box, to have redressed it. = The old French officer did it with much less confusion; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel, and pointing at the same time with his finger at the distress = the centinel made his way up to it. = There was no occasion to tell the grievance = the thing told itself; so thrusting back the German instantly with his musket = he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him. = This is noble! said I, clapping my hands together = And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

In England, dear Sir, said I, *we sit all at our ease.*

The old French officer would have set me at unity with myself, in case I had been at variance, = by saying it was a *bon mot* = and as a *bon mot* is always worth something at Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

It was now my turn to ask the old French officer, « What was the matter? » for a cry of « *Haussez les mains, monsieur l'abbé,* » re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the *parterre*, was as unintelligible to me, as my apostrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me, it was some poor *abbé* in one of the upper *logas*, who he supposed had got planted *per-*

du behind a couple of *grisettes*, in order to see the *opéra*, and that the *parterre* espying him, were insisting upon his holding up both his hands during the representation.—And can it be supposed, said I, that an ecclesiastick would pick the *grisette*'s pockets? The old French officer smiled, and whispering in my ear, opened a door of knowledge which I had no idea of—

Good God! said I, turning pale with astonishment —is it possible that a people so smit with sentiment, should at the same time be so unclean, and so unlike themselves—*Quelle grossièreté!* added I.

The French officer told me, it was an illiberal sarcasm at the church, which had begun in the theatre about the time the *Tartuffe* was given in it, by *Moliere*—but, like other remains of gothick manners, was declining—Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *grossièretés*, in which they take the lead, and lose it of one another by turns —that he had been in most countries, but never in one where he found not some delicacies, which others seem to want: *Le* POUR *et le* CONTRE *se trouvent en chaque nation*; there is a balance, said he, of good and bad every where; and nothing but the knowing it is so, can emancipate one half of the world from the prepossessions which it holds against the other—that the advantage of travel, as it regarded the *scavoir vivre*, was by seeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of such candour and good sense, as coincided with my first favourable impressions of his character—I thought I loved the man; but I fear I mistook the object—'twas my own way of thinking—the difference was, I could not have expressed it half so well.

It is alike troublesome to both the rider and his beast—if the latter goes pricking up his ears and starting all the way at every object which he never saw before—I have as little torment of this kind, as any creature alive; and yet I honestly confess, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I blushed at many a word the first month—which I found inconsequent and perfectly innocent the second.

Madame de Rambouillet, after an acquaintance of about six weeks with her, had done me the honour to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town—Of all women, *madame de Rambouillet* is the most correct; and I never wish to see one of more virtues and purity of heart—In our return back, *madame de Rambouillet* desired me to pull the cord—I asked her if she wanted any thing—*Rien que de pisser*, said *madame de Rambouillet*—

Grieve not, *gentle traveller*, to let *madame de Rambouillet* p-ss on—And, ye fair mystick nymphs! go each one *pluck your rose*, and scatter them in your path—for *madame de Rambouillet* did no more—I handed *madame de Rambouillet* out of the coach; and had I been the priest of the chaste Castalia, I could not have served at her fountain with a more respectful decorum.

THE *FILLE DE CHAMBRE*.

PARIS.

What the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his son upon the same subject into my head—and that bringing in Hamlet; and Hamlet, the rest of Shakespear's works, I stopped at the *quai de Conti* in my return home, to purchase the whole set.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the world =*Comment!* said I; taking one up out of a set which lay upon the counter betwixt us.= He said, they were sent him only to be got bound, and were to be sent back to Versailles in the morning to the count *de B—*.

=And does the count *de B—*, said I, read Shakespear? *C'est un esprit fort*, replied the bookseller.=He loves English books, and, what is more to his honour, *monsieur*, he loves the English too. You speak this so civilly, said I, that it is enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a *louis d'or* or two at your shop=the bookseller made a bow, and was going to say something, when a young decent girl of about twenty, who by her air and dress seemed to be *fille de chambre* to some devout woman of fashion, came into the shop and asked for *Les Egarements du Cœur et de l'Esprit* : the bookseller gave her the book directly; she pulled out a little green sattin purse run round with a ribband of the same colour, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money, and paid for it. As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop, we both walked out at the door together.

=And what have you to do, my dear, said I, with *the Wanderings of the Heart*, who scarce know yet you have one? nor, till love has first told you it, or some faithless shepherd has made it ach, canst thou ever be sure it is so.=*Dieu m'en garde!* said the girl.=With reason, said I=for if it is a good one, it is pity it should be stolen : it is a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dressed out with pearls.

The young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her sattin purse by its ribband in her hand all the time=It is a very small one, said I,

taking hold of the bottom of it=she held it towards me=and there is very little in it, my dear, said I; but be but as good as thou art handsome, and heaven will fill it. I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakespear, and as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in; and tying up the ribband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more an humble courtesy than a low one = it was one of those quiet thankful sinkings, where the spirit bows itself down =the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a girl a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this along with it: but now, when you see the crown, you will remember it=so do not, my dear, lay it out in ribbands.

Upon my word, Sir, said the girl earnestly, I am incapable=in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honour, she gave me her hand=*En vérité, monsieur, je mettrai cet argent à part*, said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks: so, notwithstanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the *quai de Conti* together.

She made me a second courtesy in setting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop, to tell me again=she thanked me.

It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world=but I see innocence, my dear, in your face=

and foul befal the man who ever lays a snare in its way!

The girl seemed affected some way or other with what I said=she gave a low sigh=I found I was not empowered to inquire at all after it=so said nothing more till I got to the corner of the *rue de Nevers*, where we were to part.

=But is this the way, my dear, said I, to the *hôtel de Modene*? She told me it was=or, that I might go by the *rue de Guénégaud*, which was the next turn=Then I will go, my dear, by the *rue de Guénégaud*, said I, for two reasons; first I shall please myself, and next I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was sensible I was civil=and said she wished the *hôtel de Modene* was in the *rue des SS. Peres*. =You live there? said I=She told me she was *femme de chambre* to *madame R—*=Good God! said I, it is the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens=The girl told me that *madame R—*, she believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him=so I desired the girl to present my compliments to *madame R—*, and say I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We stood still at the corner of the *rue de Nevers* whilst this passed = we then stopped a moment whilst she disposed of her *Egarements du Cœur*, etc. more commodiously than carrying them in her hand=they were two volumes; so I held the second for her, whilst she put the first into her pocket; and then she held her pocket, and I put the other after it.

It is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.

We set off a-fresh, and as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm=I was just

bidding her = but she did it of herself, with that undeliberating simplicity, which shewed it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction of consanguinity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness = Tut! said I, are we not all relations?

When we arrived at the turning up of the *rue de Guénégaud*, I stopped to bid her *adieu* for good and all: the girl would thank me again for my company and kindness = She bid me *adieu* twice = I repeated it as often; and so cordial was the parting between us, that had it happened any where else, I am not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and holy as an apostle.

But in Paris, as none kiss each other but the men = I did, what amounted to the same thing = I bid God bless her.

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

When I got home to my *hôtel*, *La Fleur* told me I had been inquired after by the *Lieutenant de police* = The deuce take it, said I, = I know the reason. It is time the reader should know it, for in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted; not that it was out of my head, but that, had I told it then, it might have been forgot now = and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with so much precipitation, that it never entered my mind that we were at war with France, and had reached Dover, and looked through my glass at the hills beyond Boulogne be-

fore the idea presented itself, and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport. Go but to the end of a street, I have a mortal aversion for returning back no wiser than I set out; and as this was one of the greatest efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could less bear the thoughts of it: so hearing the count *de*— had hired the packet, I begged he would take me in his *suite*. The count had some little knowledge of me, so made little or no difficulty = only said, his inclination to serve me could reach no farther than Calais; as he was to return by way of Brussels to Paris: however, when I had once passed there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris I must make friends, and shift for myself. = Let me get to Paris, *monsieur le comte*, said I = and I shall do very well. So I embarked, and never thought more of the matter.

When *La Fleur* told me the *Lieutenant de police* had been enquiring after me = the thing instantly recurred = and by the time *La Fleur* had well told me, the master of the *hôtel* came into my room to tell me the same thing, with this addition to it, that my passport had been particularly asked after: the master of the *hôtel* concluded with saying, He hoped I had one = Not I, faith! said I.

The master of the *hôtel* retired three steps from me, as from an infected person, as I declared this = and poor *La Fleur* advanced three steps towards me, and with that sort of movement which a good soul makes to succour a distressed one = the fellow won my heart by it; and from that single *trait*, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly, as if he had served me with fidelity for seven years.

Monseigneur! cried the master of the *hôtel* =.

but recollecting himself as he made the exclamation, he instantly changed the tone of it = If *monsieur*, said he, has not a passport (*apparemment*) in all likelihood, he has friends in Paris who can procure him one. = Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference. = Then *certes*, replied he, you will be sent to the *bastille* or the *châtelet au moins*. Poo! said I, the king of France is a good-natured soul = he will hurt no body = *Cela n'empêche pas*, said he = you will certainly be sent to the *bastille* to-morrow morning. = But I have taken your lodgings for a month, answered I, and I will not quit them a day before the time, for all the kings of France in the world. *La Fleur* whispered in my ear, That no body could oppose the king of France.

Pardi! said my host, *ces messieurs Anglois sont des gens très extraordinaires!* = and having both said and sworn it = he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

THE *HOTEL* AT PARIS.

I COULD not find in my heart to torture *La Fleur* with a serious look upon the subject of my embarrassment, which was the reason I had treated it so cavalierly: and to shew him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropt the subject entirely; and whilst he waited upon me at supper, talked to him with more than usual gaiety about Paris, and of the *opéra comique*. = *La Fleur* had been there himself, and had followed me thro' the streets as far as the bookseller's shop; but seeing me come out with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walked down the *quai de Conti* together, *La Fleur* deemed it unnecessary to follow me a step further = so making

his own reflections upon it, he took a shorter cut = and got to the *hôtel* in time to be informed of the affair of the Police against my arrival.

As soon as the honest creature had taken away, and gone down to sup himself, I then began to think a little seriously about my situation. =

= And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile at the remembrance of a short dialogue which passed betwixt us the moment I was going to set out = I must tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little subject to be over-burdened with money as thought, had drawn me aside to interrogate me how much I had taken care for; upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head, and said it would not do; so pulled out his purse in order to empty it into mine. = I have enough in conscience, Eugenius, said I. = Indeed, Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius = I know France and Italy better than you. = But you do not consider, Eugenius, said I, refusing his offer, that before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapped up into the *bastille*, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the king of France's expence = I beg pardon, said Eugenius dryly: really I had forgot that resource.

Now the event I treated gaily came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or *nonchalance*, or philosophy, or pertinacity = or what is it in me, that after all, when *La Fleur* had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, that I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoke of it to Eugenius?

= And as for the *bastille*! the terror is in the word = Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the *bastille* is but another word for a tower, and a

tower is but another word for a house you cannot get out of = Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year = but with nine *livres* a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience, albeit a man cannot get out, he may do very well within = at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning = Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly = for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them = It is true, said I, correcting the proposition = the *bastille* is not an evil to be despised = but strip it of its towers = fill up the *fossé* = unbarricade the doors = call it simply a confinement, and suppose it is some tyrant of a distemper = and not of a man which holds you in it = the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice, which I took to be of a child, which complained « it could not get out ». = I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. = « I can't get out = I can't get out » said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the

same lamentation of its captivity = « I can't get out », said the starling = God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get to the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces = I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient = I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty = « No », said the starling = « I can't get out = I can't get out », said the starling.

I vow, I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematick reasonings upon the *bastille*; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! said I = still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. = It is thou, thrice sweet and gracious Goddess, addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all, in publick or in private, worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till NATURE herself shall change = no *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymick power turn thy sceptre into iron = with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled = Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent = grant me but health, thou

great bestower of it, and give me but this fair Goddess as my companion = and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me. =

= I took a single captive; and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood = he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time = nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice = his children =

= But here my heart began to bleed = and I was forced to go on with another part of the *portrait*.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar

of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there = he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down = shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle = He gave a deep sigh = I saw the iron enter into his soul = I burst into tears = I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn = I started up from my chair, and calling *La Fleur*, I bid him bespeak me a *remise*, and have it ready at the door of the *hôtel* by nine in the morning.

= I will go directly, said I, myself to *monsieur le duc de Choiseul.*

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but, not willing he should see any thing upon my cheeks, which would cost the honest fellow a heart ache = I told him I would go to bed by myself, and bid him go do the same.

THE STARLING.

ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

I GOT into my *remise* the hour I proposed: *La Fleur* got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a short history of this self-same bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

Whilst the honourable Mr.— was waiting for

wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom; who, not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet=and by course of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a *livre* in a little cage for the starling; and as he had little to do better the five months his master staid there, he taught it in his mother's tongue, the four simple words= (and no more)=to which I owned myself so much its debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy=the lad had given it to the master of the *hôtel* = But his little song for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris=the bird had little or no store set by him= so *La Fleur* bonght both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes=and telling the story of him to lord A=lord A begged the bird of me=in a week, lord A gave him to lord B=lord B made a present of him to lord C=and lord C's gentleman sold him to lord D's for a shilling = lord D gave him to lord E = and so on =half round the alphabet=From that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners=But as all these wanted to *get in*=and my bird wanted to *get out*=he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever seen him = I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird=or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing further to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have borne this poor starling as the crest to my arms =

= And let the heralds officers twist his neck about, if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind, when I am going to ask protection of any man : for which reason I generally endeavour to protect myself; but this going to *monsieur le duc de C—* was an act of compulsion = had it been an act of choice, I should have done it, I suppose, like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form ! I deserved the *bastille* for every one of them.

Then nothing would serve me, when I got within sight of Versailles, but putting words and sentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myself into *monsieur le duc de C—*'s good graces = This will do, said I = Just as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking his measure = Fool! continued I = see *monsieur le duc*'s face first = observe what character is written in it = take notice in what posture he stands to hear you = mark the turns and expressions of his body and limbs = And for the tone = the first sound which comes from his lips will give it you; and from all these together you will compound an address at once upon the spot, which cannot disgust the duke = the ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down.

Well! said I, I wish it well over = Coward again! as if man to man was not equal throughout the whole surface of the globe; and if in the field = why not face to face in the cabinet too? And trust me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, man is false to himself, and betrays his own succours ten times, where nature does it once. Go to the *duc de C*— with the *bastille* in thy looks = my life for it, thou wilt be sent back to Paris in half an hour, with an escort.

I believe so, said I = Then I will go to the duke, by Heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairness in the world. =

= And there you are wrong again, replied I. = A heart at ease, Yorick, flies into no extremes = it is ever on its centre = Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turned in at the gates = I find I shall do very well: and by the time he had wheeled round the court, and brought me up to the door, I found myself so much the better for my own lecture, that I neither ascended the steps like a victim to justice, who was to part with life upon the topmost = nor did I mount them with a skip and a couple of strides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee, to meet it.

As I entered the door of the saloon, I was met by a person who possibly might be the *maître d'hôtel*, but had more the air of one of the under secretaries, who told me the *duc de C*— was busy = I am utterly ignorant, said I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an absolute stranger, and what is worse in the present conjuncture of affairs, being an Englishman too. = He replied, that did not increase the difficulty. = I made him a slight bow, and told him I had something of importance to say to *monsieur le duc*. The secretary looked towards the stairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to some one = But I must not mislead you, said I =

for what I have to say is of no manner of importance to *monsieur le duc de C*— = but of great importance to myself. = *C'est une autre affaire*, replied he = Not at all, said I, to a man of gallantry. = But pray, good Sir, continued I, when can a stranger hope to have *accès*? In not less than two hours, said he, looking at his watch. The number of equipages in the court-yard seemed to justify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a prospect = and as walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, without a soul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the *bastille* itself, I instantly went back to my *remise*, and bid the coachman drive me to the *cordon bleu*, which was the nearest *hôtel*.

I think there is a fatality in it = I seldom go to the place I set out for.

LE PATISSIER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half-way down the street, I changed my mind: as I am at Versailles, thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; so I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round some of the principal streets = I suppose the town is not very large, said I. = The coachman begged pardon for setting me right, and told me it was very superb, and that numbers of the first dukes and marquises and counts had *hôtels* = The count *de B*—, of whom the bookseller at the *quai de Conti* had spoke so handsomely the night before, came instantly into my mind. = And why should I not go, thought I, to the count *de B*—, who has so high an idea of English books, and English men = and tell him my story? so I changed my mind a second time = In truth it

was the third: for I intended that day for *madame de R—* in the *rue des SS. Peres*, and had devoutly sent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would assuredly wait upon her = but I am governed by circumstances = I cannot govern them; so seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, as if he had something to sell, I bid *La Fleur* go up to him, and enquire for the count's *hôtel*.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it was a *chevalier de St. Louis* selling *pâtés* = It is impossible, *La Fleur*! said I. = *La Fleur* could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the *croix* set in gold, with its red ribband, he said, tied to his button-hole = and had looked into he basket and seen the *pâtés* which the *chevalier* was selling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in a man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I could not help looking for some time at him, as I sat in the *remise* = the more I looked at him = his *croix* and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain = I got out of the *remise* and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a sort of a bib went half-way up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his *croix*. His basket of little *pâtés* was covered over with a white damask napkin; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatness throughout; that one might have bought his *pâtés* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither; but stood still with them at the corner of a *hôtel*, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight = of a sedate look, some-

thing approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the basket than him, and having lifted up the napkin, and taken one of his *pâtés* into my hand—I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the *croix* with it; but that at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision, he found himself in a wide world, without friends, without a *livre*—and indeed, said he, without any thing but this—(pointing, as he said it, to his *croix*)—The poor *chevalier* won my pity, and he finished the scene, with winning my esteem too.

The king, he said, was the most generous of princes, but his generosity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *pâtisserie*; and added, he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way—unless providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to with-hold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor *chevalier* of *St. Louis* about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace; and as his *croix* had caught the eyes of numbers, numbers had made the same enquiry which I had done—He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reached at last the king's ear—who hearing the *chevalier* had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment

as a man of honour and integrity=he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred *livres* a year.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another, out of its order, to please myself=the two stories reflect light upon each other, and it is a pity they should be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

When states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is=I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house *d'E*— in Britany into decay. The marquis *d'E*— had fought up against his condition with great firmness; wishing to preserve and still shew to the world some little fragments of what his ancestors had been=their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity*= But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light* =he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword =it could not open the way=the *mounting* was too expensive=and simple œconomy was not a match for it=there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Britany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom= But in Britany, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no

less in force; he took his sword from his side = Here, said he, take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the marquis's sword = he staid a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of the house = and departed.

The marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked for bequests from distant branches of his house, = returned home to reclaim his nobility and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to *any traveller*, but a *sentimental* one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition: I call it solemn = it was so to me.

The marquis entered the court with his whole family; he supported his lady = his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother = he put his handkerchief to his face twice =

= There was a dead silence. When the marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family = he reclaimed his sword = His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard = it was the shining face of a friend he had once given up = he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same = when observing a little rust, which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it = I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

« I shall find, said he, some *other way*, to get it off ».

When the marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it = and, with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to *monsieur le comte de B*—The set of Shakespear's was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up close to the table, and giving first such a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were = I told him I had come without any one to present me, knowing I should meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I trusted, would do it for me = it is my countryman the great Shakespear, said I, pointing to his works = *et ayez la bonté, mon cher ami,* apostrophizing his spirit, added I, *de me faire cet honneur là.* =

The count smiled at the singularity of the introduction; and seeing I looked a little pale and sickly, insisted upon my taking an arm-chair: so I sat down; and to save him conjectures upon a visit so out of all rule, I told him simply of the incident in the bookseller's shop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the story of a little embarrassment I was under, than to any other man in France = And what is your embarrassment? let me hear it, said the count. So I told him the story just as I have told it the reader =

=And the master of my *hôtel*, said I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, *monsieur le comte*, that I shall be sent to the *bastille*=but I have no apprehensions, continued I=for in falling into the hands of the most polished people in the world, and being conscious I was a true man, and not come to spy the nakedness of the land, I scarce thought I laid at their mercy. It does not suit the gallantry of the French, *monsieur le comte*, said I, so shew it against invalids.

An animated blush came into the count *de B—*'s cheeks, as I spoke this=*Ne craignez rien*=Do not fear, said he=Indeed I do not, replied I again=besides, continued I, a little sportingly=I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris, and I do not think *monsieur le duc de Choiseul* is such an enemy to mirth, as to send me back crying for my pains.

=My application to you, *monsieur le comte de B—*, (making him a low bow) is to desire he will not.

The count heard me with great good-nature, or I had not said half as much=and once or twice said =*C'est bien dit*. So I rested my cause there = and determined to say no more about it.

The count led the discourse: we talked of indifferent things=of books and politicks, and men= and then of women=God bless them all! said I, after much discourse about them=there is not a man upon earth who loves them so much as I do: after all the foibles I have seen, and all the satires I have read against them, still I love them, being firmly persuaded that a man who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex, is incapable of ever loving a single one as he ought.

Hé bien! monsieur l'Anglois, said the count,

gayly = You are not come to spy the nakedness of the land = I believe you = *ni encore*, I dare say, that of our women = But permit me to conjecture = if, *par hasard*, they fell in your way, that the prospect would not affect you.

I have something within me which cannot bear the shock of the least indecent insinuation: in the sportability of chit-chat, I have often endeavoured to conquer it, and, with infinite pain have hazarded a thousand things to a dozen of the sex together = the least of which I could not venture to a single one, to gain heaven.

Excuse me, *monsieur le comte*, said I = as for the nakedness of your land, if I saw it, I should cast my eyes over it with tears in them = and for that of your women (blushing at the idea he had excited in me) I am so evangelical in this, and have such a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on = But I could wish, continued I, to spy the *nakedness* of their hearts and thro' the different disguises of customs, climates, and religion, find out what is good in them, to fashion my own by = and therefore am I come.

It is for this reason, *monsieur le comte*, continued I, that I have not seen the *Palais-royal* = nor the *Luxembourg* = nor the *façade* of the *Louvre* = nor have attempted to swell the catalogues we have of pictures, statues, and churches = I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and see the original drawings and loose sketches hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itself.

The thirst of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breast of the *connoisseur*, has led me from my own home into France = and

from France will lead me through Italy = it is a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of NATURE, and those affections which arise out of her, which make us love each other = and the world, better than we do.

The count said a great many civil things to me upon the occasion; and added very politely, how much he stood obliged to Shakespear, for making me known to him = but, *à propos*, said he = Shakespear is full of great things = He forgot a small punctilio of announcing your name = it puts you under a necessity of doing it yourself.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to set about telling any one who I am = for there is scarce any body I cannot give a better account of, than of myself; and I have often wished I could do it in a single word = and have an end of it. It was the only time and occasion in my life, I could accomplish this to any purpose = for Shakespear lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-diggers scene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon YORICK, and, advancing the book to the count, with my finger all the way over the name = *Me voici!* said I.

Now, whether the idea of poor Yorick's skull was put out of the count's mind, by the reality of my own, or by what magick he could drop a period of seven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account = it is certain the French conceive better than they combine = I wonder at nothing in this world, and the less at this; in as much as one of the first of our

own church, for whose candonr and paternal sentiments I have the highest veneration, fell into the same mistake in the very same case. = « He could not bear, he said, to look into sermons wrote by the king of Denmark's jester ». = Good, my lord! said I; but there are two Yoricks. The Yorick your lordship thinks of, has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flourished in Horwendillus's court = the other Yorick is myself, who have flourished, my lord, in no court = He shook his head = Good God! said I, you might as well confound Alexander the Great, with Alexander the copper-smith, my lord = It was all one, he replied =

= If Alexander king of Macedon could have translated yònr lordship, said I = I am snre your lordship would not have said so.

The poor *comte de B—* fell but into the same error =

Et monsieur est-il Yorick? cried the count. = *Je le suis,* said I. = *Vous?* = *Moi* = *moi qui ai l'honneur de vous parler, monsieur le comte* = *Mon Dieu?* said he, embracing me = *Vous étes Yorick.*

The count instantly pnt the Shakespear into his pocket = and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the *comte de B—* had gone so abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakespear into his pocket = *Mysteries which must explain themselves are not worth the loss of time which a conjecture about them takes up* : it was better

to read Shakespear; so taking up « *Much ado about nothing*», I transported myself instantly from the chair I sat in to Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with *Don Pedro*, and *Benedict*, and *Beatrice*, that I thought not of Versailles, the count, or the passport.

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!—Long—long since had ye numbered out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground: when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rose-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthened and refreshed—When evils press sore upon me, and there is no retreat from them in this world, then I take a new course—I leave it—and as I have a clearer idea of the Elysian fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like Aeneas, into them—I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido—and wish to recognize it—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonours—I lose the feelings for myself in hers—and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor does man disquiet himself in vain *by it*—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only.—I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation, to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the *comte de B—* entered, with my passport in his hand. *Monsieur le duc de C—*, said the count, is as good a prophet, I dare say, as he is a statesman = *Un homme qui rit*, said the duke, *ne sera jamais dangereux.* = Had it been for any one but the king's jester, added the count, I could not have got it these two hours. = *Pardonnez-moi, monsieur le comte*, said I = I am not the king's jester. = But you are Yorick? = Yes. = *Et vous plaisantez* = I answered, indeed I did jest = but was not paid for it = it was entirely at my own expence.

We have no jester at court, *monsieur le comte*, said I; the last we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II = Since which time, our manners have been so gradually refining, that our court at present is so full of patriots, who wish for *nothing* but the honours and wealth of their country = and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout = there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of =

Voilà un persiflage! cried the count.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

As the passport was directed to all lieutenant-governors, governors and *commandants* of cities, generals of armies, justiciaries, and all officers of justice, to let Mr. Yorick, the king's jester, and his bagage, travel quietly along = I own the triumph of obtaining the passport was not a little tarnished by the figure I cut in it = but there is nothing unmixed in this world; and some of the gravest of our divines have carried it so far as to affirm, that enjoyment

itself was attended even with a sigh = and that the greatest *they knew of*, terminated, *in a general way*, in little better than a convulsion.

I remember the grave and learned Bevoriskius, in his commentary upon the generations from Adam, very naturally breaks off in the middle of a note, to give an account to the world of a couple of sparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote, and at last had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

= It is strange! writes Bevoriskius; but the facts are certain, for I have had the curiosity to mark them down one by one with my pen = but the cock-sparrow, during the little time that I could have finished the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his caresses three and twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriskius, is heaven to his creatures! Ill-fated Yorick! that the gravest of thy brethren should be able to write that to the world, which stains thy face with crimson, to copy in even thy study.

But this is nothing to my travels = So I twice = twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

And how do you find the French? said the count *de B—*, after he had given me the passport.

The reader may suppose, that after so obliging a proof of courtesy, I could not be at a loss to say something handsome to the inquiry.

= *Mais passe pour cela* = Speak frankly, said he; do you find all the urbanity in the French,

which the world give us the honour of? = I had found every thing, I said, which confirmed it = *Vraiment*, said the count. = *Les Français sont polis.* = To an excess, replied I.

The count took notice of the word *excess*; and would have it I meant more than I said. I defended myself a long time, as well as I could, against it = he insisted I had a reserve, and that I would speak my opinion frankly.

I believe, *monsieur le comte*, said I, that man has a certain compass, as well as an instrument: and that the social and other calls have occasion by turns for every key in him; so that if you begin a note too high or too low, there must be a want either in the upper or under part, to fill up the system of harmony. = The count *de B*—did not understand musick, so desired me to explain it some other way. A polished nation, my dear count, said I, makes every one its debtor; and besides, urbanity itself, like the fair sex, has so many charms; it goes against the heart to say it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him altogether, is empowered to arrive at = if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities, than gets them. I must not presume to say, how far this has affected the French in the subject we are speaking of = but should it ever be the case of the English, in the progress of their resentments, to arrive at the same polish which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse de cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions, than courteous ones = we should at least lose that distinct variety and originality of character, which distinguishes them, not only from each other, but from all the world besides.

I had a few king William's shillings as smooth as

glass in my pocket: and foreseeing they would be of use in the illustration of my hypothesis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded so far =

See, *monsieur le comte*, said I, rising up and laying them before him upon the table by jingling and rubbing one against another for seventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become so much alike, you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another.

The English, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and passing but few people's hands, preserve the first sharpnesses which the fine hand of nature has given them = they are not so pleasant to feel = but, in return, the legend is so visible, that at the first look, you see whose image and superscription they bear. = But the French, *monsieur le comte*, added I, wishing to soften what I had said, have so many excellencies, they can the better spare this = they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good-tempered people as is under heaven = if they have a fault = they are too *serious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the count, rising out of his chair.

Mais vous plaisantez, said he, correcting his exclamation. = I laid my hand upon my breast, and with earnest gravity assured him, it was my most settled opinion.

The count said he was mortified, he could not stay to hear my reasons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the *duc de C—*.

But if it is not too far to come to Versailles to eat your soup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleasure of knowing you retract your opinion = or, in what manner you support it. = But if you do support it, *monsieur l'Anglois*, said he, you must do it with all your powers, because you

have the whole world against you. = I promised the count I would do myself the honour of dining with him before I set out for Italy = so took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the *hôtel*, the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had been that moment enquiring for me. = I do not know, said the porter, whether she is gone away or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs, and when I had got within ten steps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the *quai de Conti* with: *madame de R* — had sent her upon some commissions to a *marchande de modes*, within a step or two of the *hôtel de Modene*; and as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her enquire if I had left Paris; and if so, whether I had not left a letter addressed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was so near my door, she turned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two, whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening, in the latter end of the month of may = the crimson window curtains (which were of the same colour of those of the bed) were drawn close = the sun was setting, and reflected through them so warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre*'s face = I thought she blushed = the idea of it made me blush myself = we were quite alone; and that superinduced a second blush, before the first could get off.

There is a sort of a pleasing half-guilty blush

where the blood is more in fault than the man = it is sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it = not to call it back, but to make the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves = it is associated =

But I will not describe it = I felt something at first within me, which was not in strict unison with the lesson of virtue I had given her the night before = I sought five minutes for a card = I knew I had not one. = I took up a pen = I laid it down again = my hand trembled = the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one, he is an adversary whom if we resist, he will fly from us = but I seldom resist him at all; from a terror, that though I may conquer, I may still get a hurt in the combat = so I give up the triumph for security; and instead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myself.

The fair *fille de chambre* came close up to the *bureau* where I was looking for a card = took up first the pen I cast down, then offered to hold me the ink : she offered it so sweetly, I was going to accept it = but I durst not = I have nothing, my dear, said I, to write upon. = Write it, said she, simply, upon any thing.

I was just going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips. =

If I do, said I, I shall perish = so I took her by the hand, and led her to the door, and begged she would not forget the lesson I had given her = She said, indeed she would not = and as she uttered it with some earnestness, she turned about, and gave me both her hands, closed together, into mine = it was impossible not to compress them in that situation = I wished to let them go; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myself against it = and still

I held them on.= In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again=and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were standing=I had still hold of her hands = and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither asked her=nor drew her= nor did I think of the bed=but so it did happen, we both sat down.

I will just shew you, said the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purse I have been making to day to hold your crown. So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it for some time=then into the left=« She had lost it. »=I never bore expectation more quietly=it was in her right pocket at last=she pulled it out; it was of green *taffetas*, lined with a little bit of white quilted sattin, and just big enough to hold the crown=she put it into my hand=it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes with the back of my hand resting upon her lap=looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on one side of it.

A stitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my stock=the fair *fille de chambre*, without saying a word, took out her little housewife, threaded a small needle, and sewed it up=I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and as she passed her hand in silence across and across my neck in the *manœuvre*, I felt the laurels shake, which fancy had wreathed about my head.

A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off=See, said the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot=I could not for my soul but fasten the buckle in return, and putting in the strap=and lifting up the other foot with

it, when I had done, to see both were right = in doing it too suddenly = it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her center = and then =

THE CONQUEST.

PARIS.

Yes = and then = Ye whose clay-cold heads, and lukewarm hearts, can argue down, or mask your passions = tell me, what trespass is it that man should have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the father of spirits, but for his conduct under them?

If nature has so wove her web of kindness, that some threads of love and desire are entangled with the piece = must the whole web be rent in drawing them out? = Whip me such stoicks, great governor of nature! said I to myself = Wherever thy providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue = whatever is my danger = whatever is my situation = let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man = and if I govern them as a good one = I will trust the issues to thy justice, for thou hast made us = and not we ourselves.

As I finished my address, I raised the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand, and led her out of the room = she stood by me till I locked the door and put the key in my pocket = *and then* = the victory being quite decisive = and, not till then, I pressed my lips to her cheek, and taking her by the hand again, led her safe to the gate of the *hôtel*.

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

If a man knows the heart, he will know it was impossible to go back instantly to my chamber = it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the close of a piece of musick, which had called forth my affections = therefore, when I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remained at the gate of the *hôtel* for some time, looking at every one who passed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed upon a single object, which confounded all kind of reasoning upon him.

It was a tall figure of a philosophick, serious, adust look, which passed and repassed sedately along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the *hôtel* = the man was about fifty-two = had a small cane under his arm = was dressed in a dark drab-coloured coat, waist-coat and breeches, which seemed to have seen some years service = they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat and his attitude of accosting a good many in his way, I saw he was asking charity; so I got a sous or two out of my pocket, ready to give him, as he took me in his turn = He passed by me without asking any thing = and yet did not go five steps further before he asked charity of a little woman = I was much more likely to have given of the two = He had scarce done with the woman, when he pulled off his hat to another who was coming the same way. = An ancient gentleman came slowly = and, after him, a young smart one = He let them

both pass, and asked nothing : I stood observing him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.

There were two things very singular in this, which set my brain to work, and to no purpose = the first was, why the man should only tell his story to the sex = and secondly = what kind of story it was, and what species of eloquence it could be, which softened the hearts of the women, which he knew it was to no purpose to practise upon the men.

There were two other circumstances which entangled this mystery = the one was, he told every woman, what he had to say, in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a secret than a petition = the other was, it was always successful = he never stopped a woman, but she pulled out her purse, and immediately gave him something.

I could form no system to exlpain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuse me for the rest of the evening, so I walked up stairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I was immediately followed up by the master of the *hôtel*, who came into my room to tell me I must provide lodgings elsewhere = How so, friend? said I. = He answered, I had had a young woman locked up with me two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, and it was against the rules of his house. = Very well, said I, we will all part friends then = for the girl is no worse = and I am no worse = and you will be just as I found you. = It was enough, he said, to

overthrow the credit of his *hôtel.* = *Voyez-vous, monsieur*, said he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been sitting upon. = I own it had something of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not suffering me to enter into any detail of the case, I exhorted him to let his soul sleep in peace, as I resolved to let mine do that night, and that I would discharge what I owed him at break-fast.

I should not have minded, *monsieur,* said he, if you had had twenty girls = It is a score more, replied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon = Provided, added he, it had been but in a morning. = And does the difference of the time of the day at Paris make a difference in the sin? = It made a difference, he said, in the scandal. = I like a good distinction in my heart; and cannot say I was intolerably out of temper with the man. = I own it is necessary, re-assumed the master of the *hôtel*, that a stranger at Paris should have the opportunities presented to him of buying lace and silk stockings and ruffles, *et tout cela* = and it is nothing if a woman comes with a band-box. = O' my conscience, said I, she had one; but I never looked into it. = Then, *monsieur*, said he, has bought nothing. = Not one earthly thing, replied I. = Because, said he, I could recommend one to you who would use you *en conscience.* = But I must see her this night, said I. = He made me a low bow, and walked down.

Now shall I triumph over this *maître d'hôtel*, cried I = and what then? = Then I shall let him see I know he is a dirty fellow. = And what then? What then! = I was too near myself to say it was for the sake of others. = I had no good answer left = there was more of spleen than principle in my project, and I was sick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the *grisette* came in with her box

of lace = I will buy nothing, however, said I, within myself.

The *grisette* would shew me every thing = I was hard to please : she would not seem to see it; she opened her little magazine, laid all her laces one after another before me = unfolded and folded them up again, one by one, with the most patient sweetness = I might buy = or not = she would let me have every thing at my own price = the poor creature seemed anxious to get a penny; and laid herself out to win me, and not so much in a manner which seemed artful, as in one I felt simple and caressing.

If there is not a fund of honest cullibility in man, so much the worse = my heart relented, and I gave up my second resolution as quietly as the first = Why should I chastise one for the trespass of another? if thou art tributary to this tyrant of an host, thought I, looking up in her face, so much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four *louis d'or* in my purse, there was no such thing as rising up and shewing her the door, till I had first laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

= The master of the *hôtel* will share the profit with her = no matter = then I have only paid, as many a poor soul has *paid* before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

When *La Fleur* came up to wait upon me at supper, he told me how sorry the master of the *hôtel* was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's rest will not lie down with enmity in his heart, if he can help it = So I bid *La Fleur* tell the master of the *hôtel*, that I was sorry, on my side, for the occasion I had given him = and you may tell him, if you will, *La Fleur*, added I, that if the young woman should call again, I shall not see her.

This was a sacrifice, not to him, but myself, having resolved, after so narrow an escape, to run no more risks, but to leave Paris, if it was possible, with all the virtue I entered it.

C'est déroger à la noblesse, monsieur, said *La Fleur*, making me a bow down to the ground as he said it = *Et encore, monsieur*, said he, may change his sentiments = and if (*par hasard*) he should like to amuse himself = I find no amusement in it, said I, interrupting him =

Mon Dieu! said *La Fleur* = and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious = something hung upon his lips to say to me, or ask me, which he could not get off; I could not conceive what it was; and, indeed, gave myself little trouble to find it ont, as I had another riddle so much more interesting upon my mind, which was that of the man's asking charity before the door of the *hôtel* = I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that, not out of curiosity = it is so low a principle of enquiry in general, I would not purchase the gratification of it with a two-sous piece = but a secret, I thought, which so soon and so certainly softened the heart of every woman you came near, was a secret at least equal to the philosopher's stone: had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been master of it.

I tossed and turned it almost all night long in my

brains to no manner of purpose; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my spirit as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the king of Babylon had been with his; and I will not hesitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wise men of Paris, as much as those of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

It was Sunday; and when *La Fleur* came in, in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself so gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.

I had covenanted at Montreuil to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop, and four *louïs d'or pours'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same = They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing = I wished him hanged for telling me = they looked so fresh, that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *rue de la Friperie*.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

He had purchased, moreover, a handsome blue sattin waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered = this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but it was clean scoured = the gold had been touched up, and upon the whole was rather showy than otherwise = and as the blue was not vio-

lent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: he had squeezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a *solitaire;* and had insisted with the *fripier*, upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees = He had purchased muslin ruffles, *bien brodées*, with four *livres* of his own money = and a pair of white silk stockings for five more = and, to top all, nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sous.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair dressed in the first style, and with a handsome *bouquet* in his breast = in a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was sunday = and by combining both together, it instantly struck me that the favour he wished to ask of me the night before, was to spend the day, as every body in Paris spent it, besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when *La Fleur*, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-à-vis de sa maîtresse.*

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis-à-vis madame de R*— = I had retained the *remise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dressed as *La Fleur* was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not argue in these embarrassments = the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with nature, in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters = no doubt, they have set their self-denials at a price = and their expectations

are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

Behold!=*Behold I am thy servant*=disarms me at once of the powers of a master=.

=Thou shalt go, *La Fleur!* said I.

=And what mistress, *La Fleur*, said I, canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris? *La Fleur* laid his hand upon his breast, and said it was a *petite demoiselle* at *monsieur le comte de B—'s* =*La Fleur* had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master=so that some how or other=but how =heaven knows=he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my passport; and as there was time enough for me to win the count to my interest, *La Fleur* had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his=The family, it seems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the count's houshold, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that once a week at least are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance, and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth!

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

LA FLEUR had left me something to amuse myself with, for the day, more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a

currant leaf; and as the morning was warm, and he had a good step to bring it, he had begged a sheet of waste paper to put betwixt the currant leaf and his hand = As that was plate sufficient, I bad him lay it upon the table as it was; and as I resolved to stay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur* to bespeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfast by myself.

When I had finished the butter, I threw the currant leaf out of the window, and was going to do the same by the waste paper = but stopping to read a line first, and that drawing me on to a second and third = I thought it better worth; so I shut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I sat down to read it.

It was in the old French of *Rabelais*'s time, and for aught I know might have been wrote by him = it was moreover in a gothick letter, and that so faded and gone off by damps and length of time, it cost me infinite trouble to make any thing of it = I threw it down; and then wrote a letter to Engenius = then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afresh = and then, to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza. = Still it kept hold of me: and the difficulty of understanding it increased but the desire.

I got my dinner; and after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again = and after two or three hours poring upon it, with almost as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonsensical inscription, I thought I made sense of it; but, to make sure of it, the best way, I imagined, was to turn it into English, and see how it would look then = so I went on leisurely, as a trifling man does, sometimes writing a sentence = then taking a turn or two = and then looking how the world went,

out of the window; so that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done it = I then began and read it as follows.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

= Now, as the notary's wife disputed the point with the notary with too much heat = I wish, said the notary (throwing down the parchment) that there was another notary here only to set down and attest all this =

= And what would you do then, *monsieur?* said she, rising hastily up = the notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply = I would go, answered he, to bed. = You may go to the devil, answered the notary's wife.

Now there happening to be but one bed in the house, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the custom at Paris, and the notary, not caring to lie in the same bed with a woman who had but that moment sent him pell-mell to the devil, went forth with his hat, and cane, and short cloak, the night being very windy, and walked out ill at ease towards the *Pont neuf*.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world, who have passed over the *Pont neuf*, must own that it is the noblest = the finest = the grandest = the lightest = the longest = the broadest that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe =

By this it seems as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The worst fault, which divines and the doctors of the *Sorbonne* can alledge against it, is that if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, it is more blasphemously *sacre-dieu*'d there, than in any other aperture of the whole city — and with reason good and cogent, *messieurs*; for it comes against you without crying *gare donc*, and with such unpremeditable puffs, that of the few who cross it with their hats on not one in fifty but hazards two *livres* and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor notary, just as he was passing by the centry, instinctively clapped his cane to the side of it, but, in raising it up, the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the centinel's hat, hoisted it over the spikes of the ballustrade clear into the *Seine* — —*It is an ill wind*, said a boatman, who catched it, *which blows nobody any good.*

The centry, being a *gascon*, incontinently twirled up his whiskers, and levelled his harquebuss.

Harquebusses in those days went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, she had borrowed the centry's match to light it — it gave a moment's time for the *gascon*'s blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his advantage — *It is an ill wind*, said he, catching off the notary's castor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor notary crossed the bridge, and passing along the *rue Dauphine* into the *fauxbourg St. Germain*, lamented himself, as he walked along, in this manner:

Luckless man that I am! said the notary, to be the sport of hurricanes all my days — to be born to have the storm of ill language levelled against me and my profession wherever I go — to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempest

of a woman = to be driven forth out of my house by domestick winds, and despoiled of my castor by pontifick ones = to be here bare-headed, in a windy night, at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents = where am I to lay my head? = miserable man! what wind in the two and thirty points of the whole compass can blow unto thee, as it does to the rest of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the notary was passing on by a dark passage, complaining in this sort, a voice called out to a girl to bid her run for the next notary = now the notary being the next, and availing himself of his situation, walked up the passage to the door, and passing through an old sort of a saloon, was ushered into a large chamber dismantled of every thing but a long military pike = a breast-plate = a rusty old sword, and bandoleer, hung up equi-distant in four different places against the wall.

An old personage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and, unless decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay supporting his head upon his hand in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was set close beside it, and close by the table was placed a chair = the notary sat him down in it; and pulling out his ink-horn and a sheet or two of paper which he had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and, dipping his pen in his ink and leaning his breast over the table, he disposed every thing to make the gentleman's last will and testament.

Alas! *monsieur le notaire*, said the gentleman, raising himself up a little, I have nothing to bequeath which will pay the expence of bequeathing, except the history of myself, which I could not die in peace unless I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits arising out of it I bequeath to you for the pains of

taking it from me = it is a story so uncommon, it must be read by all mankind = it will make the fortunes of your house = the notary dipped his pen into his ink-horn = Almighty director of every event in my life! said the old gentleman, looking up earnestly and raising his hands towards heaven = thou, whose hand has led me on through such a labyrinth of strange passages down into this scene of desolation, assist the decaying memory of an old, infirm and broken-hearted man = direct my tongue by the spirit of thy eternal truth, that this stranger may set down nought but what is written in that book, from whose records said he, clasping his hands together, I am to be condemned or acquitted! = the notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye = = It is a story, *monsieur le notaire*, said the gentleman, which will rouse up every affection in nature = it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of cruelty herself with pity —

The notary was inflamed with a desire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn = and the old gentleman, turning a little more towards the notary, began to dictate his story in these words. =

= And where is the rest of it, *La Fleur?* said I, as he just entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT,

AND THE *BOUQUET*. (1)

PARIS.

When *La Fleur* came up close to the table, and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me

(1) Nosegay.

there were only two other sheets of it, which he had wrapt round the stalks of a *bouquet*, to keep it together, which he had presented to the *demoiselle* upon the *boulevards* = Then, prithee, *La Fleur*, said I, step back to her to the count *de B—'s hôtel*, and *see if thou canst get it* = There is no doubt of it, said *La Fleur* = and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of disappointment in his looks than could arise from the simple irreparability of the fragment = *Juste ciel!* in less than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his last tender farewell of her = his faithless mistress had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the count's footmen = the footman to a young sempstress = and the sempstress to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it = Our misfortunes were involved together = I gave a sigh = and *La Fleur* echoed it back again to my ear =

How perfidious! cried *La Fleur* = How unlucky! said I. =

= I should not have been mortified, *monsieur*, quoth *La Fleur*, if she had lost it = Nor I, *La Fleur*, said I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no will be seen hereafter.

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

The man, who either disdains or fears to walk up a dark entry, may be an excellent good man, and fit for a hundred things; but he will not do to make a good *sentimental traveller*. I count little of the many things I see pass, at broad noon day, in large

and open streets = Nature is shy, and hates to act before spectators; but in such an unobserved corner you sometimes see a single short scene of her's worth all the sentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together = and yet they are absolutely fine = and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they suit a preacher just as well as a hero, I generally make my sermon out of them = and for the text = « Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphilia » = is as good as any one in the Bible.

There is a long dark passage issuing out from the *opéra comique* into a narrow street; it is trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre* (1), or wish to get off quietly on foot when the *opéra* is done. At the end of it towards the *théâtre*, 'tis lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get half-way down, but near the door = it is more for ornament than use: you see it as a fixed star of the least magnitude; it burns = but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this passage, I discerned, as I approached within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing arm in arm, with their backs against the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre* = as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; so edged myself up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my stand = I was in black, and scarce seen.

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman of about thirty-six; the other of the same size and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them = they seem-

(1) Hackney-coach.

ed to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapped by caresses, unbroke in upon by tender salutations: I could have wished to have made them happy = their happiness was destined, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice, with a good turn of expression and sweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve-sous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it singular, that a beggar should fix the quota of an alms = and that the sum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seemed astonished at it as much as myself. = Twelve sous! said one = a twelve-sous piece! said the other = and made no reply.

The poor man said, He knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank; and bowed down his head to the ground.

Poo! said they = we have no money.

The beggar remained silent for a moment or two, and renewed his supplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, said he, stop your good ears against me = Upon my word, honest man! said the younger, we have no change = Then God bless you, said the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change! = I observed the elder sister put her hand into her pocket = I will see, said she, if I have a sous. = A sous! give twelve, said the supplicant; nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, said the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable! said he, addressing himself to the elder = What is it but your goodness and humanity which makes your bright eyes so sweet, that they outshine the morning even in this dark passage? and what was it which made the *marquis de Santerre*

and his brother say so much of you both as they just passed by?

The two ladies seemed much affected; and impulsively at the same time they both put their hands into their pocket, and each took out a twelve-sous piece.

The contest betwixt them and the poor supplicant was no more — it was continued betwixt themselves, which of the two should give the twelve-sous piece in charity — and to end the dispute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I STEPPED hastily after him: it was the very man whose success in asking charity of the women before the door of the *hôtel* had so puzzled me — and I found at once his secret, or at least the basis of it — it was flattery.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not straitened for time, had given it here in a larger dose: it is certain he had a way of bringing it into less form, for the many sudden cases he had to do with in the streets; but how he contrived to correct, sweeten, concentre, and qualify it — I vex not my spirit with the enquiry — it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-sous pieces — and they can best tell the rest, who have gained much greater matters by it.

PARIS.

WE get forwards in the world not so much by doing services, as receiving them : you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground : and then you water it, because you have planted it.

Monsieur le comte de B—, merely because he had done me one kindness in the affair of my passport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank : and they were to present me to others, and so on.

I had got master of my *secret*, just in time to turn these honours to some little account ; otherwise, as is commonly the case, I should have dined or supped a single time or two round, and then by *translating* French looks and attitudes into plain English, I should presently have seen, that I had got hold of the *couvert* (1) of some more entertaining guest ; and in course should have resigned all my places one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them. = As it was, things did not go much amiss.

I had the honour of being introduced to the old marquis *de B—* : in days of yore he had signalized himself by some small feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'amour*, and had dressed himself out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever since = the marquis *de B—* wished to have it thought the affair was somewhere else than in his brain. « He could like to take a trip to England », and asked much of the English ladies. Stay where you are, I beseech you, *monsieur le marquis*, said I = *Les messieurs Anglois* can

(1) Plate, napkin, knife, fork, and spoon.

scarce get a kind look from them as it is. = The marquis invited me to supper.

Monsieur P— the farmer-general was just as inquisitive about our taxes. = They were very considerable, he heard = If we knew but how to collect them, said I, making him a low bow.

I could never had been invited to *monsieur P*—'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been misreprcsented to *madame de V*— as an *esprit* = *madame de V*— was an *esprit* herself; she burnt with impatience to see me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my seat, before I saw she did not care a sous whether I had any wit or no = I was let in, to be convinced she had. = I call heaven to witness I never ouce opened the door of my lips.

Madame de V— vowed to every creature she met, « She had never had a more improving conversation with a man in her life ».

There are three epochas in the empire of a Frenchwoman = She is coquette = then deist = then *dévote:* the empire during these is never lost = she only changes her subjects : when thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominion of the slaves of love, she repeoples it with slaves of infidelity = and then with the slaves of the church.

Madame de V— was vibrating betwixt the first of these epochas : the colour of the rose was fading fast away = she ought to have been a deist five years before the time I had the honour to pay my first visit.

She placed me upon the same sopha with her, for the sake of disputing the point of religion more closely. = In short, *madame de V*— told me, she believed nothing.

I told *madame de V*— it might be her principle; but I was sure it could not be her interest to level

the out-works, without which I could not conceive how such a citadel as hers could be defended — that there was not a more dangerous thing in the world, than for a beauty to be a deist — that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her — that I had not been five minutes sat upon the sopha beside her, but I had begun to form designs — and what is it, but the sentiments of religion, and the persuasion they had existed in her breast, which could have checked them as they rose up?

We are not adamant, said I, taking hold of her hand — and there is need of all restraints, till age in her own time steals in, and lays them on us — but, my dear lady, said I, kissing her hand — it is too — too soon —

I declare I had the credit all over Paris, of unperverting *madame de V—* — She affirmed to *monsieur D—* and the *abbé M—*, that in one half hour I had said more for revealed religion, than all their Encyclopedia had said against it — I was listed directly into *madame de V—*'s *coterie* — and she put off the epocha of deism for two years.

I remember it was in this *coterie*, in the middle of a discourse, in which I was shewing the necessity of a *first cause*, that the young count *de Fainéant* took me by the hand to the furthest corner of the room, to tell me my *solitàire* was pinned too strait about my neck — It should be *plus badinant*, said the count looking down upon his own — *but a word, monsieur* Yorick *to the wise* —

— And from the wise, *monsieur le comte*, replied I, making him a bow — *is enough.*

The count *de Fainéant* embraced me with more ardour than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met. — *Pardi! ce monsieur Yorick a au-*

tant d'esprit que nous autres.—*Il raisonne bien*, said another.—*C'est un bon enfant*, said a third.—And at this price I could have eaten and drank, and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but it was a dishonest *reckoning*—I grew ashamed of it—it was the gain of a slave—every sentiment of honour revolted against it—the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly system*—the better the *coterie*—the more children of art—I languished for those of nature: and one night, after a most vile prostitution of myself to half a dozen different people, I grew sick—went to bed—ordered *La Fleur* to get me horses in the morning to set out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINS.

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now—to travel it through the *bourbonnois*, the sweetest part of France—in the heyday of the vintage, when nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey through each step of which musick beats time to *labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters—to pass through this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures.

Just heaven!—it would fill up twenty volumes—and, alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into—and half of these must be taken up with the poor Maria, my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulins.

The story he had told of that disordered maid, affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got

within the neighbourhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to enquire after her.

It is going, I own, like the knight of the Woeful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures = but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am entangled in them.

The old mother came to the door, her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth = She had lost her husband: he had died, she said, of anguish, for the loss of Maria's senses, about a month before = she had feared at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left = but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself = still she could not rest = her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road =

= Why does my pulse beat languid, as I write this? and what made *La Fleur*, whose heart seemed only to be turned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulins, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar = she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand = a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulins = and *La Fleur* to bespeak my supper = and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net.=She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. = Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string = « Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio, » said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for, as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away, as they fell, with my handkerchief. = I then steeped it in my own = and then in hers = and then in mine = and then wiped hers again = and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

MARIA.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was much unsettled at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts = that, ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft = she had washed

it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him, in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril = on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once = and returned back = that she found her way alone across the Appenines = had travelled over all Lombardy without money = and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes = how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell = but *God tempers the wind*, said Maria, *to the shorn lamb.*

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee: thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup = I would be kind to thy Sylvio = in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back = when the sun went down, I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe, nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted, for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream. = And where will you dry it, Maria? said I = I will dry it in my bosom, said she = it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows = she looked with wistful disorder for some

time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the virgin = The string I had touched ceased to vibrate = in a moment or two Maria returned to herself = let her pipe fall = and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I. = She said, to Moulins. = Let us go, said I, together. = Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow = in that order we entered Moulins.

MARIA.

MOULINS.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms = affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly = still she was feminine = and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for, in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden! = imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds = the being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

THE *BOURBONNOIS.*

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myself so joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, through this part of France; but pressing through this gate of sorrow to it, my sufferings have totally unfitted me: in every scene of festivity I saw Maria in the back-ground of the piece, sitting pensive under her poplar; and I had got almost to Lyons before I was able to cast a shade across her=

=Dear sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw= and it is thou who lifts him up to HEAVEN=Eternal fountain of our feelings! = it is here I trace thee = and this is thy «*divinity which stirs within me*»= not, that in some sad and sickening moments, «*my soul shrinks back upon herself and startles at destruction*»=mere pomp of words!=but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself=all comes from thee, great = great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desart of thy creation.=Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish=hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains=he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock =This moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it=Oh! had I come one moment sooner!=it bleeds to death=his gentle heart bleeds with it=

Peace to thee, generous swain!—I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the sharer of it—and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of mount Taurira, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependance, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again, as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails; and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot; I then got out of the chaise in good earnest, and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do, I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster.—It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potager* of an acre and a half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house—and on the other side was a little wood which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house—so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey-headed man

and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast—'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was set down the moment I entered the room; so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and, as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it.

Was it this—or tell me, nature, what else it was which made this morsel so sweet—and to what magick I owe it, that the draught I took of their flaggon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed it was much more so.

THE GRACE.

When supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife—to bid them prepare for the dance: the moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair—and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their *sabots*; and in three minutes,

every soul was ready, upon a little *esplanade* before the house, to begin = The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sopha of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the *vielle* = and, at the age he was then of, touched it well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune = then intermitted = and joined her old man again, as their children and grand-children danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance when, from some pauses in the movement wherein they all seemed look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity. = In a word, I thought I beheld *religion* mixing in the dance = but, as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination, which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way; and that all his life long, he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice: believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay =

= Or a learned prelate either, said I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

When you have gained the top of mount Taurira, you run presently down to Lyons = *adieu* then to all rapid movements! It is a journey of caution; and it fares better with sentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; so I contracted with a *voiturin* to take

his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaise safe to Turin through Savoy.

Poor patient, quiet, honest people! fear not; your poverty, the treasury of your simple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it. = Nature! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created = with all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the scythe or to the sickle = but to that little thou grantest safety and protection; and sweet are the dwellings which stand so sheltered!

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads= your rocks = your precipices = the difficulties of getting up = the horrors of getting down = mountains impracticable = and cataracts, which roll down great stones from their summits, and block up his road. = The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Madane; and by the time my *voiturin* got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing before a passage could any how be gained: there was nothing but to wait with patience = it was a wet and tempestuous night; so that, by the delay, and that together, the *voiturin* found himself obliged to take up, five miles short of his stage, at a little decent kind of an inn by the road side.

I forthwith took possession of my bed-chamber = got a good fire = ordered supper; and was thanking heaven it was no worse = when a *voiture* arrived with a lady in it and her servant maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the house, the hostess, without much nicety, led them into mine, telling them, as she ushered them in, that there was no body in it but an English gentleman = that there

were two good beds in it, and a closet within the room which held another = The accent in which she spoke of this third bed did not say much for it = however, she said, there were three beds, and but three people = and she durst say the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters. = I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it = so instantly made a declaration I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an absolute surrender of my bed-chamber, I still felt myself so much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honours of it = so I desired the lady to sit down = pressed her into the warmest seat = called for more wood = desired the hostess to enlarge the plan of the supper, and to favour us with the very best wine.

The lady had scarce warmed herself five minutes at the fire, before she began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener she cast her eyes that way, the more they returned perplexed = I felt for her = and for myself; for in a few minutes, what by her looks, and the case itself, I found myself as much embarrassed as it was possible the lady could be herself.

That the beds, we were to lie in, were in one and the same room, was enough simply by itself to have excited all this = but the position of them, for they stood parallel, and so very close to each other, as only to allow space for a small wicker chair betwixt them, rendered the affair still more oppressive to us = they were fixed up moreover near the fire, and the projection of the chimney on one side, and a large beam which crossed the room on the other, formed a kind of recess for them that was no way favourable to the nicety of our sensations = if any thing could have added to it, it was, that the two beds were both

of them so very small, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid lying together, which, in either of them, could it have been feasible, my lying beside them, though a thing not to be wished, yet there was nothing in it so terrible, which the imagination might not have passed over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offered little or no consolation to us; it was a damp cold closet, with a half dismantled window-shutter, and with a window which had neither glass or oil paper in it to keep out the tempest of the night. I did not endeavour to stifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it; so it reduced the case in course to this alternative = that the lady should sacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the closet herself and abandon the bed next mine to her maid = or that the girl should take the closet, etc., etc.

The lady was a *piemontoise* of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks, = The maid was a *lyonnoise* of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French girl as ever moved = There were difficulties every way = and the obstacle of the stone in the road, which brought us into the distress, great as it appeared whilst the peasants were removing it, was but a pebble to what lay in our way now = I have only to add, that it did not lessen the weight which hung upon our spirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt, to each other, upon the occasion.

We sat down to supper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furnished, our tongues had been tied up, till necessity herself had set them at liberty = but the lady, having a few bottles of Burgundy in her *voiture*, sent down her *fille de chambre* for a couple of them;

so that by the time supper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourselves inspired with a strength of mind sufficient to talk, at least, without reserve, upon our situation. We turned it every way, and debated, and considered it in all kinds of lights, in the course of a two hours negociation; at the end of which, the articles were settled finally betwixt us, and stipulated for, in form and manner of a treaty of peace—and, I believe, with as much religion and good faith on both sides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honour of being handed down to posterity.

They were as follow:

First. As the right of the bed-chamber is in *monsieur*—and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmest, he insists upon the concession on the lady's side of taking up with it.

Granted on the part of *madame;* with a proviso, That as the curtains of that bed are of a flimsy transparent cotton, and appeared likewise too scanty to draw close, that the *fille de chambre* shall fasten up the opening, either by corking pins, or needle and thread, in such manner as shall be deemed a sufficient barrier on the side of *monsieur.*

2dly. It is required on the part of *madame*, that *monsieur* shall lie the whole night through in his *robe de chambre.*

Rejected: inasmuch as *monsieur* is not worth a *robe de chambre;* he having nothing in his portmanteau, but six shirts, and a black silk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the silk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the *robe de chambre;* and so it was stipulated and agreed upon, that I should lie in my black silk breeches all night.

3dly. It was insisted upon and stipulated for, by the lady, that after *monsieur* was got to bed, and the

candle and fire extinguished, that *monsieur* should not speak one single word the whole night.

Granted; provided *monsieur*'s saying his prayers, might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was the manner in which the lady and myself should be obliged to undress and get to bed = there was but one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to devise; protesting, as I do it, that, if it is not the most delicate in nature, it is the fault of his own imagination = against which this is not my first complaint.

Now when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the situation, or what it was, I know not; but so it was, I could not shut my eyes; I tried this side and that, and turned and turned again, till a full hour after midnight; when nature and patience both wearing out = O my God! said I =

= You have broke the treaty, *monsieur*, said the lady, who had no more slept than myself. = I begged a thousand pardons = but insisted it was no more than an ejaculation = she maintained it was an entire infraction of the treaty = I maintained it was provided for in the clause of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up the point, though she weakened her barrier by it; for in the warmth of the dispute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the ground.

Upon my word and honour, *madame*, said I, stretching my arm out of bed, by way of asseveration =

= (I was going to have added that I would not have trespassed against the remotest idea of decorum for the world) =

= But the *fille de chambre* hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hostilities would

ensue in course, had crept silently out of her closet, and, it being totally dark, had stolen so close to our beds, that she had got herself into the narrow passage which separated them, and had advanced so far up as to be in a line betwixt her mistress and me =

So that when I stretched out my hand I caught hold of the *fille de chambre*'s =

THE END.

LETTERS

FROM YORICK

TO ELIZA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the preface prefixed to the first edition of these letters, which appeared in the year 1775, and were then dedicated to lord Apsley (the present earl Bathurst) the editor remarks, that he purposely waves all proofs which might be drawn concerning their authenticity, from the character of the gentleman who had the perusal of the originals, and, with Eliza's permission, faithfully copied them at Bombay in the East-Indies; from the testimony of many reputable families in London, who knew and loved Eliza, caressed and admired Mr. Sterne, and were well acquainted with the tender friendship between them; and from many curious anecdotes in the letters themselves, any one of which were fully sufficient to authenticate them.

He then proceeds to observe, that as the publick is unquestionably entitled to every kind of information concerning the characters contained in these letters which consists with the duties of humanity and a good citi-

zen; that is, a minute acquaintance with those of whom honourable mention is made, or the editor is furnished with authorities to vindicate from Mr. Sterne's censures, which, as a man of warm temper and lively imagination, he was perhaps sometimes hurried into without due reflection; he persuades himself that no party concerned will or can be offended with this publication, especially if it is considered that without such information it would be cold and unentertaining; that by publishing their merits he cannot be understood to intend them any injury, and without it, he would in himself fail in his duty to the publick.

Eliza, (the editor continues) the lady to whom these Letters are addressed, is Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, esquire, counsellor at Bombay, and at present chief of the English factory at Surat; a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe. She is by birth an East-Indian; but the circumstance of being born in the country not proving sufficient to defend her delicate frame against the heats of that burning climate, she came to England for the recovery

of her health, when by accident she became acquainted with Mr. Sterne. He immediately discovered in her a mind so congenial with his own, so enlightened, so refined, and so tender, that their mutual attraction presently joined them in the closest union that purity could possibly admit of. He loved her as his friend, and prided in her as his pupil. All her concerns became presently his; her health, her circumstances, her reputation, her children, were his; his fortune, his time, his country, were at her disposal, so far as the sacrifice of all or any of these might, in his opinion, contribute to her real happiness.

It is very much to be lamented, that Eliza's modesty was invincible to all the editor's endeavours to obtain her answers to these Letters: her wit, penetration and judgement, her happiness in the epistolary style, so rapturously commended by Mr. Sterne, could not fail to furnish a rich entertainment for the publick. He could not help telling her, that he wished to God she was really possessed of that vanity with which she was charged; to which she replied, that she was so far from acquitting herself of vanity, that she suspect-

ed that to be the cause why she could not prevail on herself to submit her letters to the publick eye; for although Mr. Sterne was partial to every thing of her's, she could not hope that the world would be so too. With this answer the editor was obliged to be contented.

The reader will remark that these letters have various signatures; sometimes he signs *Sterne*, sometimes *Yorick*, and to one or two he signs *her Bramin*. Although it is pretty generally known who the Bramins are, yet lest any body should be at a loss, it may not be amiss to observe that the principal cast or tribe among the idolatrous Indians are the Bramins, and out of the chief class of this cast come the priests so famous for their austerities, and the shocking torments, and frequently death, they volontarily expose themselves to, on a religious account. Now, as Mr. Sterne was a clergyman, and Eliza an Indian by birth, it was customary with her to call him *her Bramin*, which he accordingly, in his pleasant moods, uses as a signature.

LETTERS
FROM YORICK
TO ELIZA.

LETTER I.

ELIZA will receive my books with this = the sermons came all hot from the heart; I wish that could give them any title to be offered to yours: the others came from the head = I am more indifferent about their reception =

I know not how it comes about, but I am half in love with you = I ought to be wholly so; for I never valued (or saw more good qualities to value) or thought more of one of your sex than of you = so *adieu.*

Yours faithfully, if not affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER II.

I CANNOT rest, Eliza, though I shall call on you at half past twelve, till I know how you do = may thy dear face smile as thou risest, like the sun of this morning! I was much grieved to hear of your alarm-

ing indisposition yesterday, and disappointed too at not being let in = « Remember, my dear, that a friend has the same right as a physician. » = The *étiquette* of this town (you will say) says otherwise; no matter, delicacy and propriety do not always consist in observing their frigid doctrines.

I am going out to breakfast, but shall be at my lodgings by eleven, when I hope to read a single line under thy own hand, that thou art better, and wilt be glad to see

THY BRAMIN.

Nine o'clock.

LETTER III.

I GOT thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from lord Bathurst's where I dined, and where I was heard (as I talked of thee an hour without intermission) with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old lord toasted your health three different times; and tho' he is now in his eighty-fifth year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple; and to see her eclipse all other Nabobesses as much in wealth, as she already does in exterior, and (what is far better) in interior merit = I hope so too.

This nobleman is an old friend of mine. You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius, and had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, etc. always at his table. = The manner, in which his notice of me began, was as singular as it was polite: he came up to me one day, as I was at the princess of Wales's court = « I want « to know you, Mr. Sterne; but it is fit you should « also know who it is that wishes this pleasure. You « have heard, continued he, of an old lord Bathurst,

« of whom your Pope's and Swift's have sung and « spoken so much; I had lived my life with geniuses « of that cast, but have survived them; and despair= « ing ever to find their equals, it is some years since « I have closed my accounts, and shut up my books, « with thoughts of never opening them again; but « you have kindled a desire in me of opening them « once more before I die, which I now do = so go home « and dine with me. »

This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy; for at eighty= five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty = a disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew; added to which, a man of learning, courtesy and feeling = He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon sa= tisfaction; for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us = and a most sentimental after= noon, till nine o'clock, have we passed. But thou, Eliza, wast the star that conducted and enlightened the discourse! and when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warm every thought I uttered! for I am not ashamed to acknowledge, I great= ly miss thee = best of all good girls! the sufferings I have sustained all night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words = assuredly does heaven give strength proportioned to the weight it lays upon us = thou hast been bowed down, my child, with every burden that sorrow of heart and pain of body could inflict on a poor being = and still thou tellest me thou art beginning to get ease, thy fever gone = thy sickness, the pain in thy side, vanishing also = May every evil so vanish, that thwarts Eliza's happiness, or but awakens her fears for a moment! Fear nothing, my dear; hope every thing, and the balm of this passion will shed its influence on thy health, and make thee enjoy a spring of youth and

cheerfulness, more than thou hast hardly yet tasted.

And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's *portrait* over thy writing desk, and will consult it in all doubts and difficulties? = Grateful and good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost; his picture does not do justice to his own complacency =

Thy sweet little plan and distribution of thy time, how worthy of thee! Indeed, Eliza, thou leavest me nothing to direct thee in; thou leavest me nothing to require, nothing to ask, but a continuation of that conduct which won my esteem, and has made me thy friend for ever.

May the roses come quick back to thy cheeks, and the rubies to thy lips! but trust my declaration, Eliza, that thy husband (if he is the good feeling man I wish him) will press thee to him with more honest warmth and affection, and kiss thy pale poor dejected face, with more transport than he would be able to do in the best bloom of all thy beauty = and so he ought, or I pity him = he must have strange feelings, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art!

I am glad miss Light goes with you, she may relieve you from many anxious moments. = I am glad too, that your shipmates are friendly beings = you could least dispense with what is contrary to thy own nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza; it would civilize savages; tho' pity were it, thou shouldest be tainted with the office =

How canst thou make apologies for thy last letter! 'tis most delicious to me, for the very reasons you excuse it. = Write to me, my child, only such; let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that opens itself any how, and every how, to a man you ought to esteem and trust = Such, Eliza, I write to thee, and so I should ever live with thee, most artlessly,

most affectionately, if providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe; for I am all that honour and affection can make me,

THY BRAMIN.

LETTER IV.

I WRITE this, Eliza, at Mr. James's whilst he is dressing, and the dear girl his wife is writing beside me to thee = I got your melancholy *billet* before we sat down to dinner; 'tis melancholy indeed, my dear, to hear so piteous an account of thy sickness; thou art eucompassed with evils enow, without that additional weight = I fear it will sink thy poor soul, and body with it, past recovering = Heaven supply thee with fortitude! we have talked of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy sweet virtues, and endearing conduct, all the afternoon.

Mrs. James and thy Bramin have mixed their tears a hundred times, in speaking of thy hardships, thy goodness, thy graces; 'tis a subject that will never end between us = Oh. she is good and friendly!

The —'s, by heaven! are worthless; I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name. = How could you, Eliza, leave them, or suffer them to leave you rather, with impressions the least favourable? I have told thee enough to plant disgust against their treachery to thee, to the last hour of thy life; yet still, thou toldest Mrs. James at last, that thou believest they affectionately love thee = her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baseness. = For God's sake, write not to them, nor foul thy fair characters with such polluted hearts. = They love thee! = What proof? = Is it their actions which say so? or their zeal for those

attachments which do thee honour, and make thee happy? or their tenderness for thy fame?—No; but they *weep*, and say *tender things.*=*Adieu* to all such for ever.=Mrs James's honest heart revolts against the idea of even returning them one visit. I honour her, and I honour thee, for almost every act of thy life, but this blind partiality for an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right, which arises only out of that fund of affection I have, and shall preserve for thee, to the hour of my death=Reflect, Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually advising thee: think whether I can have any which proceed not from the cause I have mentioned. I think you a very deserving woman, and that you want nothing but firmness, and a better opinion of yourself, to be the best female character I know. I wish I could inspire you with a share of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge, tho' to me it has never been visible, because I think in a well turned mind it will product good effects.=

I probably shall never see you more; yet I flatter myself you will sometimes think of me with pleasure, because you must be convinced I love you, and so interest myself in your rectitude, that I had rather hear of any evil befalling you, than your want of reverence for yourself=I had not power to keep this remonstrance in my breast='tis now out=so *adieu*; heaven watch over my Eliza!

Thine, YORICK.

LETTER V.

To whom should Eliza apply in her distress, but to the friend that loves her: why then, my dear, do you apologize for employing me? Yorick would be

offended, and with reason, if you ever sent commissions to another, which he could execute = I have been with Zumps = and first, your *piano-forte* must be tuned from the bass middle string of your guitar, which is C. = I have got you a hammer too, and a pair of pliars to twist your wire with; and may every one of them, my dear, vibrate sweet comfort to thy hopes!

I have bought you ten handsome brass screws to hang your necessaries upon: I purchased twelve, but stole a couple from you to put up in my own cabin at Coxwould. I shall never hang or take my hat off one of them, but I shall think of you = I have bought thee moreover a couple of iron screws, which are more to be depended upon than brass for the globes =

I have written also to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, to acquaint him that I had dispatched these in a packet directed to his care, which I desired he would seek after, the moment the Deal machine arrived = I have moreover given him directions what sort of an arm chair you would want, and have directed him to purchase the best that Deal could afford, and take it with the parcel in the first boat that went off. = Would I could, Eliza, so supply all thy wants, and all thy wishes! it would be a state of happiness to me =

The journal is as it should be, all but its contents = Poor, dear patient being: I do more than pity you; for I think I lose both firmness and philosophy as I figure to myself your distresses; = do not think I spoke last night with too much asperity of —s; there was cause, and besides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one; and, indeed, cannot; but *adieu* to the ungrateful subject =

I have been this morning to see Mrs. James; she loves thee tenderly and unfeignedly; she is alarmed

for thee; she says thou lookedst most ill and melancholy on going away;= she pities thee = I shall visit her every sunday while I am in town.=

As this may be my last letter, I earnestly bid thee farewell; may the God of kindness be kind to thee, and approve himself thy protector, now thou art defenceless! and, for thy daily comfort, bear in thy mind this truth, « that whatever measure of sorrow « and distress is thy portion, it will be repaid to thee « in a full measure of happiness, by the being thou « hast wisely chosen for thy eternal friend. » =

Farewell, farewell, Eliza! whilst I live, count upon me as the most warm and disinterested of earthly friends.

YORICK.

LETTER VI.

MY DEAREST ELIZA,

I BEGAN a new journal this morning: you shall see it, for if I live not till you return to England, I will leave it you as a legacy: 'tis a sorrowful page, but I will write cheerful ones; and could I write letters to thee, they should be cheerful ones too: but few, I fear, will reach thee! However, depend upon receiving something of the kind by every post, till thou wavest thy hand, and bid'st me write no more =

Tell me how you are, and what sort of fortitude heaven inspires thee with: how are you accommodated, my dear? = Is all right? = Scribble away any thing, and every thing to me. Depend upon seeing me at Deal with the James's, should you be detained there by contrary winds. = Indeed, Eliza, I should with pleasure fly to you, could I be the means of

rendering you any service, or doing you any kindness.

« Gracious and merciful God, consider the anguish « of a poor girl = strengthen and preserve her in all « the shocks her frame must be exposed to : she is « now without a protector but thee; save her from « all the accidents of a dangerous element, and give « her comfort at the last ! »

My prayer, Eliza, I hope, is heard; for the sky seems to smile upon me, as I look up to it. I am just returned from our dear Mrs. James's, where I have been talking of thee these three hours = she has got your picture, and likes it; but Marlot and some other judges agree, that mine is the better, and expressive of a sweeter character; but what is that to the original ! = Yet I acknowledge that hers is a picture for the world, and mine is calculated only to please a very sincere friend, or sentimental philosopher. = In the one you are dressed in smiles, and with all the advantages of silks, pearls, and ermine; in the other, simple as a vestal, appearing the good girl nature made you ; which to me conveys an idea of more unaffected sweetness than Mrs. Draper habited for conquest in a birth-day suit, with her countenance animated, and her dimples visible.

If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavoured to collect every charm of your person into your face, with more than *common* care, the day you sat for Mrs. James; your colour, too, brightened, your eyes shone with more than their usual brilliancy = I then requested you to come simple and unadorned when you sat for me ; knowing, as I see with *unprejudiced* eyes, that you could receive no addition from the silk-worm's aid, or jeweller's polish.

Let me now tell you a truth, which I believe I

have uttered before. When I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of compassion, and as a very plain woman = The mode of your dress, tho' fashionable, disfigured you = but nothing now could render you such, but the being sollicitous to make yourself admired as a handsome one = You are not handsome, Eliza = nor is your's a face that will please the tenth part of your beholders = but you are something more; for I scruple not to tell you, I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance; nor was there, nor will ever be, that man of sense, tenderness and feeling, in your company three hours, that was not, or will not be your admirer and friend in consequence of it; that is, if you assume, or assumed no character foreign to your own, but appeared the artless being nature designed you for. A something in your eyes, and voice, you possess in a degree more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of: = but it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence, that men of *nice sensibility* alone can be touched with =

Were your husband in England, I would freely give him five hundred pounds, if money could purchase the acquisition, to let you only sit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my *sentimental Journey* = I am sure the work would sell so much the better for it, that I should be reimbursed the sum more than seven times fold =

I would not give nine-pence for the picture of you that the Newhams have got executed; it is the resemblance of a conceited, made up *coquette:* your eyes, and the shape of your face (the latter, the most perfect oval I ever saw) which are perfections that must strike the most indifferent judge, because they are equal to any of God's works in a similar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are mani-

festly injured by the affected leer of the one, and strange appearance of the other, owing to the attitude of the head; which is a proof of the artist's or your friend's false taste.

The —s, who verify the character I once gave, of teazing and sticking like pitch or bird-lime, sent a card that they would wait on Mrs. — on friday. = She sent back she was engaged = Then, to meet at Ranelagh, to-night; she answered, she did not go = She says, if she allows the least footing, she never shall get rid of the acquaintance, which she is resolved to drop at once. = She knows them; she knows they are not her friends, nor yours: and the first use they would make of being with her, would be to sacrifice you to her, if they could, a second time.

Let her not, then, let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee than thou art to thyself: she begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them = 'twill give her, and thy Bramin too, inexpressible pain = Be assured all this is not without reason on her side; I have my reasons too, the first of which is, that I should grieve to excess if Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built so high upon.

I said, I never more would mention the name to thee; and had I not received it as a kind of charge from a dear woman that loves you, I should not have broke my word = I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou best, and most endearing of girls! a peaceful night to thee; my spirit will be with thee thro' every watch of it. = *Adieu.*

LETTER VII.

I THINK you could act no otherwise than you did with the young soldier; there was no shutting the

door against him, either in politeness or humanity =Thou tellest me he seems susceptible of tender impressions, and that before miss Light has sailed a fortnight, he will be in love with her=Now I think it a thousand times more likely, that he attaches himself to thee, Eliza, because thou art a thousand times more amiable=Five months with Eliza, and in the same room, and an amorous son of Mars besides! « *it can no be, Masser.* »

The sun, if he could avoid it, would not shine upon a dunghill; but his rays are so pure, Eliza, and celestial, I never heard that they were polluted by it=Just such will thine be, dearest child, in this and every such situation you will be exposed to, till thou art fixed for life=But thy discretion, thy wisdom, thy honour, the spirit of thy Yorick, and thy own spirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ablest counsellors.

Surely by this time, something is doing towards thy accommodation=but why may not clean washing and rubbing do, instead of painting your cabin as it is to be hung? Paint is so pernicious, both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you so much longer too out of your apartment, where I hope you will pass some of your happiest hours.

I fear the best of your shipmates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew with which thou must behold them;=so was, you know who, from the same fallacy that was put upon the judgment, when=but I will not mortify you=if they are decent and distant, it is enough, and as much as is to be expected; if any of them are more, I rejoice =Thou will want every aid; and 'tis thy due to have them=Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies;= good hearts are open; and fall naturally into them

=Heaven inspire thine with fortitude, in this and every other deadly trial!

Best of God's works! farewell=love me, I beseech thee, and remember me for ever. I am, my Eliza, and will ever be, in the most comprehensive sense,

Thy friend, YORICK.

P. S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by some Dutch or French ship, or from the Cape de Verd islands='twill reach me some how.=

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR ELIZA,

OH! I grieve for your cabin; and the fresh painting will be enough to destroy every nerve about thee;= nothing so pernicious as white lead.=Take care of yourself, dear girl, and sleep not in it too soon; 'twill be enough to give you a stroke of an epilepsy.

I hope you will have left the ship, and that my letters may meet and greet you, as you get out of your post-chaise, at Deal=When you have got them all, put them, my dear, into some order=the first eight or nine are numbered, but I wrote the rest without that direction to thee=but thou wilt find them out by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefixed to them: when they are got together in chronological order, sew them together under a cover=I trust, they will be a perpetual refuge to thee from time to time, and that thou wilt (when weary of fools, and uninteresting discourse) retire, and converse an hour with them and me=

I have not had power, or the heart to aim at enlivening any one of them with a single stroke of wit

o humour; but they contain something better, and, what you will feel, more suited to your situation = a long detail of much advice, truth and knowledge = I hope too, you will perceive loose touches of an honest heart in every one of them, which speaks more than the most studied periods, and will give thee more ground of trust and reliance upon Yorick, than all that laboured eloquence could supply = Lean then thy whole weight, Eliza, upon them, and upon me.

« May poverty, distress, anguish and shame be my « portion, if ever I give thee reason to repent the « knowledge of me ! » =

With this asseveration made in the presence of a just God, I pray to him that so it may speed with me, as I deal candidly and honourably with thee. = I would not mislead thee, Eliza ; I would not injure thee in the opinion of a single individual, for the richest crown the proudest monarch wears =

Remember that while I have life and power, whatever is mine, you may style and think yours ; tho' sorry should I be, if ever my friendship was put to the test thus, for your own delicacy's sake = Money and counters are of equal use, in my opinion : they both serve to set up with.

I hope you will answer this letter ; but if thou art debarred by the elements which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee, and knowing it is such a one as thou wouldest have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's =

Honour and happiness, and health and comforts of every kind sail along with thee, thou most worthy of girls ! = I will live for thee, and my Lydia ; be rich for the dear children of my heart ; gain wisdom, gain fame and happiness, to share with thee and her in my old age =

Once for all, *adieu* ; preserve thy life, steadily

pursue the ends we proposed, and let nothing rob thee of those powers heaven as given thee for thy well being =

What can I add more in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the last post-man's bell, but recommend thee to heaven, and recommend myself to heaven with thee, in the same fervent ejaculation : « That we may be happy and meet again = if not in this world, in the next. »

Adieu ; I am thine, Eliza, affectionately, and everlastingly.

YORICK.

LETTER IX.

I WISH to God, Eliza, it was possible to postpone the voyage to India for another year; for I am firmly persuaded within my own heart, that thy husband could never limit thee with regard to time. =

I fear that Mr. B— has exaggerated matters = I like not his countenance; it is absolutely killing. Should evil befall thee, what will he not have to answer for? I know not the being that will be deserving of so much pity, or that I shall hate more : he will be an outcast, alien. In which case I will be a father to thy children, my good girl; therefore take no thought about them. =

But, Eliza, if thou art so very ill, still put off all thoughts of returning to India this year. = Write to your husband = tell him the truth of your case = If he is the generous, humane man you describe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct = I am credibly informed, that his repugnance to your living in England arises only from the dread which has entered his brain, that thou mayest run him in debt, beyond thy appointments, and that he must dis-

charge them = That such a creature should be sacrificed for the paltry consideration of a few hundreds, is too, too hard! Oh! my child, that I could, with propriety indemnify him for every charge, even to the last mite, that thou hast been of to him! with joy would I give him my whole substance! nay, sequester my livings, and trust the treasures heaven has furnished my head with, for a future subsistence =

You owe much, I allow, to your husband; you owe something to appearances, and the opinion of the world; but trust me, my dear, you owe much likewise to yourself. Return therefore from Deal, if you continue ill: I will prescribe for you gratis = you are not the first woman, by many, I have done so for with success =

I will send for my wife and daughter, and they shall carry you in pursuit of health to Montpellier, the wells of Bareges, the Spa, or whither thou wilt. Thou shalt direct them, and make parties of pleasure in what corner of the world fancy points out to thee = We shall fish upon the banks of Arno, and lose ourselves in the sweet labyrinths of its vallies: and then thou shouldst warble to us, as I have once or twice heard thee = « I'm lost, I'm lost; » but we would find thee again, my Eliza =

Of a similar nature to this was your physician's prescription: « Use gentle exercise, the pure southern air of France, or milder Naples, with the society of friendly gentle beings. » Sensible man! he certainly entered into your feelings: he knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature *whose illness has arisen from the affliction of her mind.* = Time only, my dear, I fear you must trust to, and have your reliance on; may it give you the health so enthusiastick a votary to the charming goddess deserves!

I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things, which, if explained, had been a panegyrick on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redress. = Well have you supported that character, my amiable, philosophick friend! and indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my uncle Toby's widow = I don't mean to insinuate, hussey, that my opinion is no better founded than his was of Mrs. Wadman; nor do I conceive it possible for any *Trim* to convince me it is equally fallacious; I am sure, while I have my reason, it is not.

Talking of widows = pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy Nabob; because I design to marry you myself = My wife cannot live long = she has sold all the provinces in France already; and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself = 'Tis true, I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five; rather too great a disparity this! but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good humour. Nor Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love and sing thee, my wife elect! = All those names, eminent as they were, shall give place to thine, Eliza. Tell me in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal; and that you would, like the Spectator's mistress, have more joy in putting on an old man's slipper, than in associating with the gay, the voluptuous and the young = *Adieu*, my Simplicia!

Yours, TRISTRAM.

LETTER X.

My dear Eliza,

I have been within the verge of the gates of death: I was ill the last time I wrote to you, and apprehensive of what would be the consequence = My fears were but too well founded; for in ten minutes after I dispatched my letter, this poor, fine spun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a vessel in my breast, and could not stop the loss of blood till four this morning = I have filled all thy India handkerchiefs with it : it came, I think, from my heart. I fell asleep, thro' weakness. At six I awoke, with the bosom of my shirt steeped in tears = I dreamed I was sitting under the canopy of indolence, and that thou camest into the room with a shawl in thy hand, and told me : « My spirit had flown to thee in the downs, with tidings of my fate; and that you were come to administer what consolation filial affection could bestow, and to receive my parting breath and blessing. » = With that, you folded the shawl about my waist, and, kneeling, snpplicated my attention = I awoke; but in what a frame, O my God! = « But thou wilt number my tears, and put them all into thy bottle » = Dear girl, I see thee : thou art for ever present to my fancy, embracing my feeble knees, and raising thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort : and when I talk to Lydia, the words of Esau, as uttered by thee, perpetually ring in my ears. = « Bless me even also, my father » = Blessing attend thee, thou child of my heart! =

My bleeding is quite stopped, and I feel the principle of life strong within me; so be not alarmed,

Eliza: I know I shall do well. I have eat my breakfast with hunger; and I write to thee with a pleasure arising from that prophetick impression in my imagination, that « all will terminate to our heart's content. »

Comfort thyself eternally with this persuasion, « That the best of beings, as thou hast sweetly expressed it, could not, by a combination of accidents, produce such a chain of events, merely to be the source of misery to the leading person engaged in them. » — The observation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly expressed: I wish my memory did justice to the wording of it.

Who taught you the art of writing so sweetly, Eliza? You have absolutely exalted it to a science = When I am in want of ready cash, and ill health will not permit my genius to exert itself, I shall print your letters as *finished Essays*, by an *unfortunate Indian Lady*. = The stile is new, and would almost be a sufficient recommendation for their selling well, without merit; but their sense, natural ease and spirit, is not to be equalled, I believe, in this section of the globe; nor, I will answer for it, by any of your country-women in yours. =

I have shewed your letter to Mrs. B—, and to half the literati in town: you shall not be angry with me for it, because I meant to do you honour by it. = You cannot imagine how many admirers your epistolary productions have gained you, that never viewed your external merits. I only wonder where thou couldest acquire thy graces, thy goodness, thy accomplishments! so connected! so educated! Nature has surely studyed to make thee her peculiar care; for thou art, and not in my eyes alone, the best and fairest of all her works. =

And so, this is the last letter thou art to receive from me; because the earl of Chatham (1), I read in the papers, is got to the Downs; and the wind, I find, is fair. If so, blessed woman, take my last, last farewell! Cherish the remembrance of me; think how I esteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I set upon thee! *Adieu, adieu!* and with my *adieu*, let me give thee one straight rule of conduct, that thou hast heard from my lips in a thousand forms, but I concenter it in one word:

REVERENCE THYSELF.

Adieu once more, Eliza! May no anguish of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face, till I behold it again! may no doubt or misgivings disturb the serenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children, for they are Yorick's, and Yorick is thy friend for ever!=

Adieu, adieu, adieu.=

P. S. Remember that «Hope shortens all journies by sweetening them»; so sing my little stanza on the subject, with the devotion of an hymn, every morning when thou arisest; and thou wilt eat thy breakfast with more comfort for it.=

Blessings, rest, and Hygeia go with thee! Mayest thou soon return, in peace and affluence, to illumine my night! I am, and shall be the last to deplore thy loss, and will be the first to congratulate and hail thy return.=

Fare thee well!=

(1) The earl of Chatham sailed from Deal, april 3 1767.

THE END.

EXTRAIT DE RAYNAL.

Persuaded that the readers of the preceding Letters will be pleased to see the opinion entertained of the amiable lady, to whom they are addressed, by two writers equally celebrated, but of different nations, and of very different characters, and both attached to her by the warmest ties of friendship, we shall make no apology for adding an extract from the writings of *l'Abbé Raynal*, as much admired for justness of thoughts as elegance of style.

TERRITOIRE d'Anjinga, tu n'es rien, mais tu as donné naissance à Eliza. Un jour ces entrepôts de commerce, fondés par les Européens sur les côtes d'Asie, ne subsisteront plus. L'herbe les couvrira, ou l'Indien vengé aura bâti sur leurs débris, avant que quelques siecles se soient écoulés. Mais, si mes écrits ont quelque durée, le nom d'Anjinga restera dans la mémoire des hommes. Ceux qui me liront, ceux que les vents pousseront vers ces rivages, diront : c'est-là que naquit Eliza Draper ; et s'il est un Breton parmi eux, il se hâtera d'ajouter avec orgueil ; et qu'elle y naquit de parents anglais.

Qu'il me soit permis d'épancher ici ma douleur et mes larmes ! Eliza fut mon amie. O lecteur ! qui que tu sois, pardonne-moi ce mouvement involontaire : laisse-moi m'occuper d'Eliza. Si je t'ai quelquefois attendri sur les malheurs de l'espece humaine, daigne aujourd'hui compatir à ma propre infortune. Je fus ton ami, sans te connoître ; sois un moment le mien : ta douce pitié sera ma récompense.

Eliza finit sa carriere dans la patrie de ses peres, à l'âge de trente-trois ans. Une ame céleste se sépara d'un corps céleste. Vous qui visitez le lieu où reposent ses cendres sacrées, écrivez sur le marbre qui les

couvre : Telle année, tel mois, tel jour, à telle heure, Dieu retira son souffle à lui, et Eliza mourut.

Auteur original, son admirateur et son ami, ce fut Eliza qui t'inspira tes ouvrages, et qui t'en dicta les pages les plus touchantes. Heureux Sterne, tu n'es plus, et moi je suis resté. Je t'ai pleuré avec Eliza ; tu la pleurerois avec moi; et, si le ciel eût voulu que vous m'eussiez survécu tous les deux, tu m'aurois pleuré avec elle.

Les hommes disoient qu'aucune femme n'avoit autant de graces qu'Eliza ; les femmes le disoient aussi. Tous louoient sa candeur ; tous louoient sa sensibilité ; tous ambitionnoient l'honneur de la connoître. L'envie n'attaqua point un mérite qui s'ignoroit.

Anjinga, c'est à l'influence de ton heureux climat qu'elle devoit, sans doute, cet accord presqu'incompatible de volupté et de décence qui accompagnoit toute sa personne, et qui se mêloit à tous ses mouvements. Le statuaire, qui auroit eu à représenter la volupté, l'auroit prise pour modele. Elle en auroit également servi à celui qui auroit eu à peindre la pudeur. Cette ame, inconnue dans nos contrées, le ciel sombre et nébuleux de l'Angleterre n'avoit pu l'éteindre. Quelque chose que fit Eliza, un charme invincible se répandoit autour d'elle. Le desir, mais le desir timide, la suivoit en silence. Le seul homme honnête auroit osé l'aimer, mais n'auroit osé le lui dire.

Je cherche par-tout Eliza. Je rencontre, je saisis quelques uns de ses traits, quelques uns de ses agréments épars parmi les femmes les plus intéressantes. Mais qu'est devenue celle qui les réunissoit ? Dieux, qui épuisâtes vos dons pour former Eliza, ne la fites-vous que pour un moment, pour être un moment admirée, et pour être toujours regrettée?

Tous ceux qui ont vu Eliza la regrettent. Moi, je la pleurerai tout le temps qui me reste à vivre. Mais est-ce assez de la pleurer? ceux qui auront connu sa tendresse pour moi, la confiance qu'elle m'avoit accordée, ne me diront-ils pas : elle n'est plus, et tu vis?

Eliza devoit quitter sa patrie, ses parents, ses amis, pour venir s'asseoir à côté de moi, et vivre parmi les miens. Quelle félicité je m'étois promise! Quelle joie je me faisois de la voir recherchée des hommes de génie, chérie des femmes du goût le plus difficile! Je me disois : Eliza est jeune, et tu touches à ton dernier terme. C'est elle qui te fermera les yeux. Vaine espérance! ô renversement de toutes les probabilités humaines! ma vieillesse a survécu à ses beaux jours. Il n'y a plus personne au monde pour moi ; le destin m'a condamné à vivre et mourir seul.

Eliza avoit l'esprit cultivé; mais cet art, on ne le sentoit jamais : il n'avoit fait qu'embellir la nature; il ne servoit en elle qu'à faire durer le charme. A chaque moment elle plaisoit plus, à chaque moment elle intéressoit davantage. C'est l'impression qu'elle avoit faite aux Indes; c'est l'impression qu'elle faisoit en Europe. Eliza étoit donc très belle? non ; elle n'étoit que belle, mais il n'y avoit point de beauté qu'elle n'effaçât, parcequ'elle étoit la seule comme elle.

Eliza a écrit, et les hommes de sa nation qui ont mis le plus d'élégance et de goût dans leurs ouvrages, n'auroient pas désavoué le petit nombre de pages qu'elle a laissées.

Lorsque je vis Eliza, j'éprouvai un sentiment qui m'étoit inconnu. Il étoit trop vif pour n'être que de l'amitié ; il étoit trop pur pour être de l'amour. Si c'eût été une passion, Eliza m'auroit plaint : elle an-

roit essayé de me ramener à la raison, et j'aurois achevé de la perdre.

Eliza disoit souvent qu'elle n'estimoit personne autant que moi. A présent je le puis croire.

Dans ses derniers moments, Eliza s'occupoit de son ami; et je ne puis tracer une ligne sans avoir sous les yeux le monument qu'elle m'a laissé. Que n'a-t-elle pu douer aussi ma plume de sa grace et de sa vertu! Il me semble du moins l'entendre: « Cette muse sé-« vere qui te regarde, me dit-elle, c'est l'Histoire, « dont la fonction auguste est de déterminer l'opi-« nion de la postérité. Cette divinité volage qui plane « sur le globe, c'est la Renommée, qui ne dédaigna « pas de nous entretenir un moment de toi. Elle m'ap-« porta tes ouvrages, et prépara notre union par l'es-« time. Vois ce phénix immortel parmi les flammes: « c'est le symbole du génie qui ne meurt point. Que « ces emblêmes t'exhortent sans cesse à te montrer le « défenseur de L'HUMANITÉ, de la VÉRITÉ, de la « LIBERTÉ. »

Du haut des cieux, ta premiere et derniere patrie, Eliza, reçois mon serment. Je jure de ne pas écrire une ligne, où l'on ne puisse reconnoître ton ami.

(Hist. philos. des Etablissements des Européens dans les deux Indes, L. III, § 16.)

NOTES.

THIS edition of Sterne's *sentimental Journey* is printed from and collated with two of the earliest and best copies printed in London. Where these differ from each other (as may be seen in some instances), the present editor has followed that which seemed most expressive of the author's meaning.

And it here it may be proper to observe, as well in regard to this work as to others printed or intended to be printed in this form, that there are several words in the english language the orthography of which is not absolutely fixed. In all such cases the author's orthography has been followed, except where an error has evidently appeared to be merely the effect of inadvertency.

The readers of Sterne's works must have remarked a singularity in his ponctuation by lines instead of the stops commonly used. As he had probably some reasons for this deviation from the common method, it was judged right to adopt his manner in this work.

For any grammatical errors in the English, the author is left responsable: errors in the French phrases are corrected.

Page 1. The title announces a journey through France and Italy. It appears by some of the author's letters, that this account of his jourrney, which extends no further than Lyons, was not finished till the end of the year 1767; and as he died the 13th march 1768, it is probable that he had not completed the whole of his design.

Ibid., line 21. (*droit d'aubaine*) This journey was undertaken in 1762, when the French and

English were at war: a circumstance which probably occasioned a temporary suspension of a declaration made by *Louis XV* at Compiegne 19th july 1739, and registered by the Parliament the 14th august following, by which the *Personal* Estates of *English* subjects, were exempted from the *droit d'aubaine*.

Pag. 9, *lin.* 14. Benefit of the clergy, etc. Among the privileges granted to the Clergy in ancient times of ignorance, was that of not being subject to the jurisdiction of the temporal courts in criminal cases. By an abusive extension of this privilege, all who could read were considered as *clerks* or clergy, and by that means generally escaped capital punishment. This abuse has been long suppressed in *fact* tho' not wholly so in *form*. This privilege now called the Benefit of Clergy, is allowed in some cases of felony, in order to mitigate the rigour of the law; and many criminals are now sentenced to be transported to foreign parts, instead of suffering capital punishment at home. To these the author alludes in the first class of travellers with the Benefit of the Clergy; in the second class he includes those who are transported or sent by their parents to travel under the direction of tutors, generally clergymen educated at the Universities of Oxford, Aberdeen, Glascow, etc.

Pag. 29, *lin.* 23. Smelfungus: Smollet; a writer of great merit, author of an history of England, and of several romances little inferior to Tom Jones. He was in so bad a state of health when he travelled, that he could enjoy no pleasure from any object he met with in his travels.

Pag. 30, *lin.* 5. Wherein he spoke etc.: a part of Othello's speech to the Senate, in one of Shakespear's Tragedies, act. I, scen. III.

Ibid. lin. 12. Mundungus: Sharp, an eminent surgeon, and respectable man, who retired from his

profession with a considerable fortune, and undertook his travels at an age not easily affected by common objects of curiosity or pity.

Pag. 31, *lin.* 33. The name of the poet was Home; the historian's name was Hume.

Pag. 32, *lin.* 2. *La Fleur*, we learn, was not an imaginary character. He was a native of Burgundy, served as a drummer in the French army during six years: quitted the service secretly. His natural *prevanency* was an universal passport to him: he soon and without difficulty introduced himself to *Varenne* the innkeeper at Montreuil: he there married; but his wife, by profession a mantua-maker, not being able to support him, he sought a service as *valet de place*, and was recommended to Sterne. On his return from this journey, he rejoined his wife, and, with the little money they had acquired, he established himself in a publick house at Calais: but the war deranging his affairs, he again entered into service as a *valet*. After some time he returned, but his wife had eloped with an actor of a strolling Company. From this period (about March 1783) he was frequently in England, employed either in his former capacity or as an express. In the anecdotes of this poor fellow, it appears that Sterne's little story of the *grisette* at the glove-shop, and that of the visit made to him by the *fille de chambre*, are founded on facts: that what regards the starling was in some measure true, but *La Fleur* never heard it speak: that the want of a passport had made Sterne really uneasy, but that it was *la marquise de Lambert*, mentioned under the initial letter L., and not *le comte de Breteuil* who procured the passport: that the anecdote of poor Maria is not a fiction, nor was that of the dead ass a mere invention; the owner was as simple and affecting as Sterne has represented him. The

last scene is, as may well be imagined, a sport of fancy.

Pag. 35, *lin.* 13. Putting my breeches under my head : a caution frequently used by travellers to prevent being surprized and robbed in the night by the waiters, servants etc. in publick inns.

Pag. 38, *lin.* 2. By the circle is meant the assembly of courtiers who wait on the king when he receives his court, and who form a kind of circle about his person.

Pag. 39, *lin.* 19. The far side of a horse : *le côté droit* ; consequently the near side : *le côté gauche.*

Pag. 45, *lin.* 35. Eliza ; see the letters in the supplement to this volume.

Pag. 47, *lin.* 17. *Fille de chambre* ; the author has every where made use of this term for *femme de chambre*, by a literal translation of chamber-maid.

Pag. 67, *lin.* 21. *Pluck your rose.* The writer of a *Tour thro' part of France* observes, that a French woman makes no scruple of doing that in publick which an english girl would blush to think herself suspected of doing at all. The truth is, the english ladies are so delicate on this point, that, if they withdraw from company for a few minutes, they generally return with a flower, a book, or something, in their hands, which they would wish might be thought the motive of their withdrawing, rather than that their absence should be attributed to its real cause ; hence the expression *to go and pluck a rose* is frequently understood as synonimous with that made use of by Sterne to denote the action of *madame de R....*

Pag. 91, *lin.* 5. King of Denmark's jester : the name Yorick, which Sterne has adopted for himself, is that of a person mentioned in Shakespear's play of Hamlet, prince of Denmark, and there represented as jester to the king of Denmark.

Pag. 92, *lin.* 1. *Much ado about nothing* : the title of one of Shakespear's comedies. *Don Pedro*, *Benedict*, and *Beatrice*, are characters in that piece.

Pag. 112, *lin.* 3. Pontifick ; a *jeu de mots* between pontifick, belonging to a pontiff or high priest, and pontifical, belonging to a bridge. Milton seems to have made the same *jeu de mots* in his Paradise lost.

Pag. 126, *lin.* 16. Divinity which stirs within me: my soul shrinks back etc. : part of the soliloquy of Cato in Addison's celebrated tragedy.

Pag. 144, *lin.* 22. Nabobesses : as the appellation of Nabob is frequently given in England to those who have acquired great fortunes in the East-Indies, the author has formed the feminine, Nabobess.

Pag. 149, *lin.* 5. Which is C. . . : the notes in the musical scale, used by the English, are called by the seven first letters of the alphabet; the C is the note which in France is called *ut*.

Ibid., *lin.* 19. Deal machine : the stage-coach.

Pag. 154, *lin.* 9. *It can no be, Masser* : a negro's manner of pronouncing, It cannot be, Master.

Pag. 155, *lin.* 22. The first eight or nine are numbered. It seems that Sterne had written more letters to Mrs. Draper than those contained in this volume. As he says they contain much advice, truth and knowledge, we lament that they have not yet been published.

Pag. 157, *lin.* 5. The last postman's bell : the receiving offices in London for letters to go by the post were regnlarly shut at nine o'clock in the evening. After which hour a postman with a bell passed through the principal streets at nine or soon after, at ten and at eleven o'clock to collect such letters as were too late for the receiving offices.

Pag. 158, *lin.* 25. I'm lost, I'm lost : probably

the first words of some song which was then a favourite of the author.

Pag. 159, *lin.* 8. My uncle Toby's widow. For the story of this widow see Tristram Shandy.

Ibid. lin. 9. Hussey; a term which, though in its proper sense it is a word of reproach, is frequently used especially to children without impoliteness.

Ibid. lin. 28. The Spectator's mistress: see the Spectator.

Pag. 160, *lin.* 28. Bless me even also: Genesis, chapt. 27, verse 38.

Pag. 162, *lin.* 2. Earl of Chatham: the name of the vessel in which Eliza went to the East-Indies.

END OF THE NOTES.

EXTRACT

of a letter from the author to his daughter.

—— I am apprehensive the dear friend I mentioned in my last letter is going into a decline = I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being so altered = she has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lilly, for the roses are fled from her cheeks = I can never see or talk to this incomparable woman without bursting into tears = I have a thousand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole sex, if not all the world put together. = She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few possess = our conversations are of the most interesting nature, and she talks to me of quitting this world with more composure than others think of living in it. = I have written an epitaph, of which I send thee a copy. = 'Tis expressive of her modest worth. = But may heaven restore her! and may she live to write mine!

Columns and laboured urns but vainly shew
An idle scene of decorated woe.
The sweet companion and the friend sincere
Need no mechanick help to force the tear.
In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine;
'Twill flow, whilst gentle goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me, my Lydia, that I love thee most truly = So adieu = I am what I ever was, and hope ever shall be, thy Affectionate father,

L. S.

INSCRIPTION

on a monument erected to the memory of the author in the burying ground in which he was enterred.

Near to this place
Lies the body of
The reverend Laurence Sterne, A. M.
Died September 13th, 1768, (1)
Aged 53 years.

Ah! molliter ossa quiescant!

If a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane,
Unsullied worth, and soul without a stain;
If mental powers could ever justly claim
The well-won tribute of immortal fame,
Sterne was *the man*, who with gigantick stride
Mowed down luxuriant follies far and wide.
Yet what, though keenest knowledge of mankind
Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind;
What did it cost him? Ridicul'd, abus'd,
By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd.
In his, mild reader, view thy future fate,
Like him despise what 'twere a sin to hate.

Garrick, who was the intimate friend and admirer of Sterne, wrote the following epitaph for him.

Shall pride a heap of sculptured marble raise,
Some worthless, un-mourn'd titled fool to praise;

(1) This date is erroneous; L. Sterne being dead on the 18th day of march 1768.

And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn,
Where genius, wit, and humour, sleep with
Sterne?

The following verses to his memory were also prefixed to the collection of his letters, published by his daughter Mrs. Medalle.

With wit, and genuine humour, to dispel,
From the desponding bosom, gloomy care,
And bid the gushing tear, at the sad tale
Of hapless love or filial grief, to flow
From the full sympathising heart, were thine,
These powers, ô Sterne! but now thy fate demands
(No plumage nodding o'er the emblazoned hearse
Proclaiming honour where no virtue shone)
But the sad tribute of a heart-felt sigh:
What tho' no taper cast its deadly ray,
Nor the full choir sings requiems o'er thy tomb,
The humbler grief of friendship is not mute;
And poor Maria, with her faithful kid,
Her auburn tresses carelessly entwin'd
With olive foliage, at the close of day,
Shall chaunt her plaintive vespers at thy grave.
Thy shade too, gentle Monk, mid awful night,
Shall pour libations from its friendly eye;
For 'erst his sweet benevolence bestow'd
Its generous pity, and bedewed with tears
The sod, which rested on thy aged breast.

END.

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